Loyola College Review



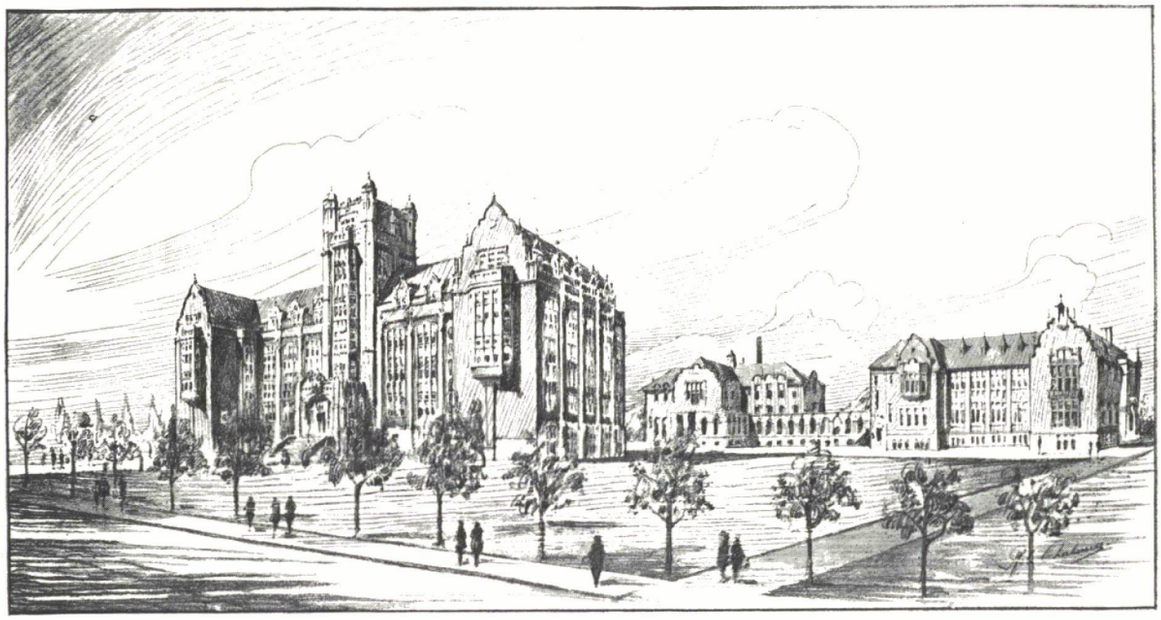
Montreal
1933

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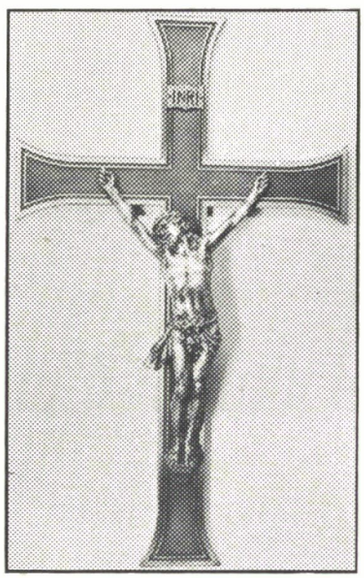
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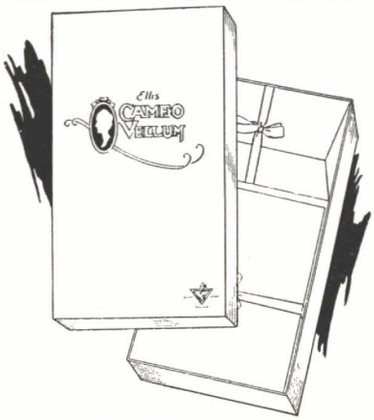
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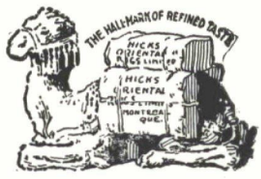
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Loyola College Review

REVIEW STAFF:

Editor-in-Chief: A. T. Sesia

Associate Editors: J. Laflamme, '33; J. Anglin, '34; E. Gough, '34; F. Fleury, '34; M. O'Brien, '35; E. Shea, '35; H. Kierans, '36.

Advertising: E. Kierans, '35, *Manager;* A. Keyes, '35; M. Brabant, '35; R. O'Connell, '35; R. Routh, '36.

Circulation: E. Kierans, '35, *Manager;* A. Casgrain, '36; B. Fahey, '36; J. McLaughlin, '36; W. Stewart, '36

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1933 Montreal, Canada No. 19

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INTERIOR

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Loyola College Review

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1933 Montreal, Canada *No 19*

EDITORIAL

The College Chapel

It is again the privilege of the Review to record Loyola's acquisition of another building. Flanking the front building and linked to it by a closed-in cloister, now stands the college chapel. A broad, steeply slanting copper roof between Flemish gables, with a lofty flèche, also copper-covered, near the western end where the incipient transepts cut across; windows, rectangular in the nave with buttresses between them, circular in the transepts and apse; a facade, well back from the street, that rises somewhat abruptly above the broad perron and challenges by its plain stretches of brickwork over the stone-framed doors and around the large gallery window: such in outline, or enumeration, is the new chapel. With differences that will be interesting to future amateurs of architecture, and economics, it matches the other buildings. Similar in its general lines and in material, it has the delightful quality of eliciting a perhaps confused satisfaction without being what one expects after familiarity with the recti-lineal sweep of stone mullions in the front building's facade or the high-arched cloister and terra cotta facings of the back buildings.

Such preoccupations of matching the new piece with the old cloth do not interfere with one's impressions of the interior. A high vaulted ceiling supported only by the side walls, and an abundance of light pouring through the amber windows give an air of spacious compactness that characterises the whole arrangement. Ingenious contrivances for ventilation, heating and acoustics, all successful be it said, are skilfully lost in the ribbed ceiling and the "birnut" panelling that runs round the walls. The sanctuary floor, level with the tops of the pews, is cut across by a wall in which is pierced a great arch framing the wide recess for the main altar. In front of this wall on either side of the recess are the side altars and, behind, sacristies with tribunes above; on the left side and harmoniously fitting in with the general scheme is an exceptionally fine pulpit. Unless accustomed to the strictly liturgical, one at first finds the main altar novel yet quickly comes to appreciate its peculiar charm. The tester, supported behind by the wall and in front by two chains from the ceiling, covers a space in which the central piece is a large bronze crucifix. Six massive bronze candle-sticks stand on the altar itself; in the centre is the cylindrical cone-capped tabernacle in bronze but with a silver door. The symbolic inscriptions worked in the dossal and antependium associate this arresting simplicity with the early church when Greek was the language of the élite and of the slaves of Rome.

The bewilderment and the universal questioning that marks the present time make it natural to rise to the wider significance of the chapel and to point out that

it is the concretion of a living tradition, something at once old and new. The frank utilization of materials that belong distinctively to the machine age and the subordination of all parts to their need, make the chapel a child of the time, as does the fusion of styles to take advantage of modern structural simplifications. Yet how strikingly does this square with the Periclean epigram, "We love beauty without expense." Gables that might rise above the canals of Ghent, round windows that might belong to a Gothic cathedral, a nave that suggests the romanesque, an altar to recall Byzantium and Rome—these blend not only in the skilful design of the architect but also in the spirit. For we are at one with the culture of the West and we deprive ourselves of none of its manifestations in three thousand years. We bring what we have of the Athenian's keen perception of measure, of the Roman's love of order, of the mediaeval passion for logic, of Renaissance enthusiasm for man, of the scientist's control of nature, and watch them cast off what they have of extravagance and crystallize into unity under the synthetic influence of the universal religion that comes from ancient Palestine and encircles the world.

Yet ancient as is the lineage and œcumenical the sources of the culture that is integrated in the chapel, it remains that we have no mere monument of times gone by. "Your creeds are dead" they say; but if so, what is alive? We hold no brief for sixteenth century heretics, commended neither by valid thought nor winning characters; nor did we ever expect the naive Bible religion then foisted upon the populace with many a tirade against carnal knowledge to survive the inroads of sophists, or even the advance of science. But there is singularly lacking any evidence of life, of a power to unify and coordinate, in international leagues, in parliamentary government, in experts, in competition, in merchant prices, in nationalistic catch-phrases, in technocracy—that brilliant product of practical education—or in Soviet Russia, the logical goal of dogmatic liberalism. On the other hand there is patent an exuberance of vitality in the papal encyclicals that stand four-square and eternally central against the shifting winds of opinion; there is magnificence and inspiration in a faith that possesses the loyalty of millions of hearts in every land without distinction of race or rank or attainment; there is perennial endurance in a philosophy too profound to be swept away by the dazzling dawn of new ideas in complacent minds, too accurate and rigorous to be assimilated by contemporary Pilates who ask "What is truth?" and do not stay for an answer, too realistic ever to be ignorant of what it is about or whither leads the intellectual mistiness of self-appointed oracles.

But it is not merely in historical associations nor in the impalpable realm of ideas that is to be found what constitutes the actuality of the chapel. The problem of education is not a problem of machinery, of devising curricula and securing professors, of buying libraries and getting the books read. That is all possible enough. But if the modern mind does not know what education should effect or how it should be effected—as it openly confesses it does not—we have no ground for surprise: such nebulosity marks its utterances on all questions that cannot, and not a few that can, be solved by the arts of exact measurement. But the real problem of education is the problem faced by the teacher who displays the heritage of civilisation with what skill he masters, who watches and waits with conscious helplessness for the fecundation and blossoming and growth of that seed that can easily be sterile and easily be monstruous but not easily be fine and delicate, stout and sound. The mystery of individuality confronts him and faced with it he can only quote: "Paul plants, Apollo waters, but God grants the increase." The course of life is enlightened and largely guided by its highest moments—moments when,

alone and reflective, man grasps how utterly alone he must be, he really is. How well, then, to be alone with Christ! And a chapel built from the estate of one who left all to follow Him is indeed a doubly sacred and doubly inspiring shrine.

* * *

Convocation

The thirty-seventh convocation was held at Victoria Hall on the second of June. The salutatory was given by Jacques Kemner Laflamme; the valedictory by William Edward Daly; the address to the graduates by John D. Kearney, K.C., a former class-mate at Loyola of Father Bartley, C.SS.R., who had preached the Baccalaureate sermon at the solemn high mass that morning. We give the following extracts from the Reverend Rector's report.

"We are happy to announce that the Board of Regents of the Education Department of New York State has formally accepted the Loyola B.A. degree for admission to all approved schools of Medicine and Law in the State of New York."

"I desire to express here and now in a public manner my own deep gratitude and that of the whole College Community to those who under God have enabled us to realize the dream of many years (the College Chapel): to Father Francis Smith, S.J., to whose generosity we owe the chapel; to Mr. T. C. Gorman, who contributed $1000.00 towards furnishing the same; to the Altar Society of St. Ignatius Parish, who gave $1275.00 for new vestments; to the Business Women's Sacred Heart Association, who contributed $1000.00 for the main altar, tester, tabernacle and crucifix as a memorial to the late Father Raymond Cloran, S.J., their founder and first chaplain; to Mrs. E. A. Collins of Copper Cliff, Ont., who gave the pulpit and the statue of the Sacred Heart; to Miss Mary Murphy and Miss Margaret Casey, who gave the chancel window; to Mrs. Leo McKenna, who gave the sanctuary lamp; to Mrs. Noah Timmins, Mrs. L. G. Gagnon, Mrs. Chabot, Miss T. Connolly, Miss Alice Sharpe, Mrs. Domville, and Mr. Augustine Downes who donated various accessories of divine service. We thank them one and all and shall daily pray God to bless and prosper them in all their works."

"The Loyola Alumni Association has been exceptionally active this year, due in large measure to the energy and whole-hearted devotedness of the retiring President, Mr. John King, '16. We congratulate Dr. Brannen on his unanimous election as President of the Association and found great hopes on the splendid executive with which he is surrounded."

"Within a few days Loyola will see four of her graduates raised to the Holy Priesthood for the Archdiocese of Montreal. This will raise the number of Loyola men among the English-speaking priests of the city to the number of nineteen. To these young levites: Gerald Britt, Edgar Feeley, George Foley and Michael Healy, Loyola offers her maternal congratulations and heart-felt wishes *ad multos annos*."

"We are happy to say that our graduates at the universities continue to give a good account of themselves. To mention only the most outstanding: at McGill, Timothy Slattery, '31, this year received the Alexander Morris Exhibition for highest standing in Second Year Law and the Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal for Roman Law. He also took first honours in Constitutional Law, Civil Procedure, Civil Law and Municipal Law. In first year in the same faculty Brendan O'Connor, '32, took first honours in Civil Law and second honours in all other subjects; Henry Hemens, '32, first honours in Criminal Law and Procedure and second honours in other subjects. In chemistry, Raymond Boyer received the degree of Ph.D."

"The Sodality of Our Lady,—an organization centuries old in all Jesuit colleges —has been unusually flourishing and active this year in spiritual stimulation, missionary effort and social work. I wisk to take this opportunity of heartily thanking the Sodalists for their gift of our Lady's statue for the new chapel."

The Seniors



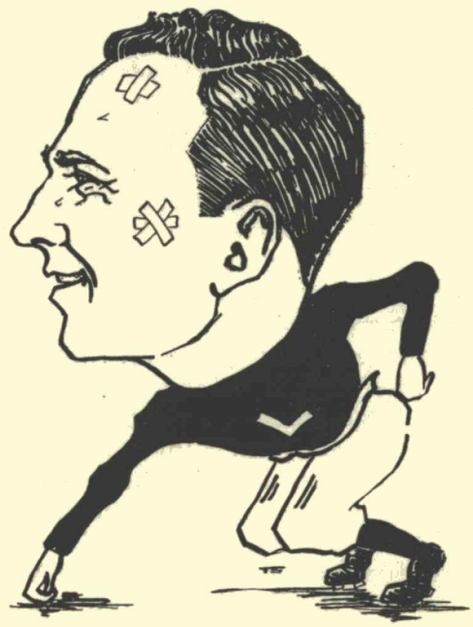
BOURGEOIS, Jacques de Lorimier

"A physician is a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less". Voltaire.

Jacques came to Loyola two years ago. His perpetual smile and contagious good humour soon won the hearts of us all. Jimmie possesses that rare quality, versatility, and his excellence as a brilliant student, a wary hockey-player and a splendid skier marks but a few of his successes in the intellectual and athletic spheres. While gossip has it that Jimmie wields a formidable golf club, he is a recognized authority on lamps in series and in parallel, and on the proper care and handling of thermometers.

Close contact with Jimmie in the Biology Laboratory gave positive evidence of his adeptness with the scalpel—a proof that blood will tell, and that his choice of the medical profession is a wise one. It would be quite safe for us to predict a high place for Jimmie among the great surgeons of the future.

Activities: Scientific Society; Intramural Hockey 1932-33; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society 1931-33; Loyola C.O.T.C., Section Commander 1932-33.



BUCHER, Clemens Joseph

"The less people speak of their greatness, the more we think of it". Bacon.

During Clem's six years at Loyola he has amply proved that in the North Country the men are big, wise and genial. Football coaches have scouts seeking players of his calibre, and for four seasons Clem has been a "triple threat" man if ever there was one. The class of '33 owe in a great part their championships in the Intramural Hockey League to Clem's scoring ability.

In Inter-Collegiate Hockey, critics were forced to admit that here was a player who could not only "take it" but also "give it".

In his generous way Clem condescended to aid the C.O.T.C. this year in the capacity of Company Quartermaster Sergeant and as a result, the feelings between the militaristic and pacifist factions were somewhat less strained about the College. In a few years we expect to hear of Clem's graduation once more, only this time it will be from Varsity when he will be a full-fledged mining engineer. From then on the world need not worry about its supply of Radium—Clem and the North Country will see to that.

Activities: Intermediate Intercollegiate Football 1929-33; Junior City Hockey 1929-31; Intramural Hockey 1932; Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey 1933; Secretary L.C.A.A. 1931-32; C.O.T.C.: Company Quartermaster Sergeant 1933; Councillor, Loyola College Literary and Debating Society 1933.



CARROLL, Lester Thomas

"He sits high in all the people's hearts".
Shakespeare.

Lester better known to his legion of friends as "Red", is one of the members of the 'old school'. In his eight years at Loyola, Lester has made himself most popular. He has been an ardent student and has given every activity in the College his whole-hearted support. During his High School days he restricted his extra-curricular interests to donning pads for the hockey team, but from his Freshman days has been developing into an enthusiastic speaker, a better goal-tender and a manager who had fulfilled his duties with great success in every branch of sport. In short he has attained that perfection which every student wishes to be his own. During his eight-year stay at Loyola, Lester has won a warm place in all hearts, and on leaving he takes with him the respect of all.

Activities: Junior Hockey 1929-30; Intermediate Hockey 1931-32; Junior Football 1929, *Manager* 1931; Intermediate Football *Manager* 1932; Intermediate Hockey, *Captain* 1932-33, *Manager* 1932-33; Sodality, *Councillor* 1931-32, *Prefect* (N.R.S.) 1932-33; L.C.A.A.A. *Councillor* 1932-33.

CLOUGH, Herbert Francis

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me aliendum puto".
Terence.

September 1926 marked the opening of an academic year at Loyola, and among the many students who passed through its portals for the first time was one Herbert Francis Clough. Herb soon became prominent in the sporting as well as in the intellectual life of the College, but in time his interest in sports waned and he devoted himself entirely to what was more elevating intellectually. Yet he did not fail to support the College teams. In the seven years he spent at Loyola the number of games that Herb missed could be count-



ed on one hand. He was intensely fond of public speaking and debating, and the high offices that he held in debating and dramatic circles of the College is in no mean way responsible for the high esteem Loyola enjoys. His devotion to the *News* during the past year sets an example we hope many will emulate. As its first Managing Editor (so far as we can gather from the *News* Files), he was directly responsible for the high grade of efficiency with which the Staff operated. Straightforward, honest and conscientious, when Herb leaves Loyola we may well say that Loyola has lost one of her noble sons.

Activities: Class President 1929; Intramural Hockey 1929-33; Junior Hockey 1930; Junior Football 1929-31; B.V.M. Sodality 1929-33; Secretary, Loyola College Literary and Debating Society 1932-33; Dramatic Society, Secretary 1929, Treasurer, 1933; Managing Editor, *Loyola News* 1932-33.



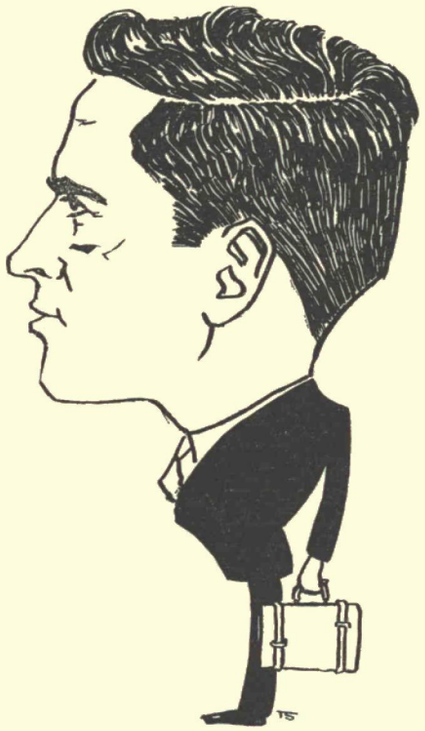
DALY, William Edward

"Could I love less, I should be happier now".
Bailey.

Which does not apply to our Bill in *all* his moods. The possessor of the most disarming smile the Campus has seen in many a year, he displayed throughout the ups and downs of his whole eight years at Loyola a vivid personality which after his graduation will live down to the seventh generation of his Alma Mater. The proud boast of Cornwall, he made his first appearance at Loyola in 1925 astonishingly decked in "stovepipes". and from the first has enjoyed a popularity which will place him among our Immortals. Equally adroit on both the Campus and Rostrum he enjoys the reputation of one of Loyola's greatest athletes and orators. Those who have seen him in the rôle of "outside wing" will never forget his famous flying tackle, nor will they forget his impassioned but expertly delivered speeches which he magnificently crowned in his final year when he became one of the Dominion Inter-University Debating League Champions. It would be futile to go on enumerating his qualities, suffice it to say, one has only to make his acquaintance to be-

come his friend—and, judging from his hasty trips to Cornwall we conclude that he has made many. Osgoode Hall may be Bill's next stepping stone to success, but whatever it may be, we feel confident for his future and will ever remember him for his famous axiom, "A man who allows himself to become disillusioned is a fool, but if he is disappointed let us pity him."

Activities: Intermediate Football 1929-33; *Captain* 1933; Intermediate Hockey 1929-33; Junior Hockey 1929-32; President L.C.A.A. 1933; President St. John Berchmans 1933; President Forum 1933; Editor *Loyola News* 1933; Member Dominion Intercollegiate Debating Champions, 1933.

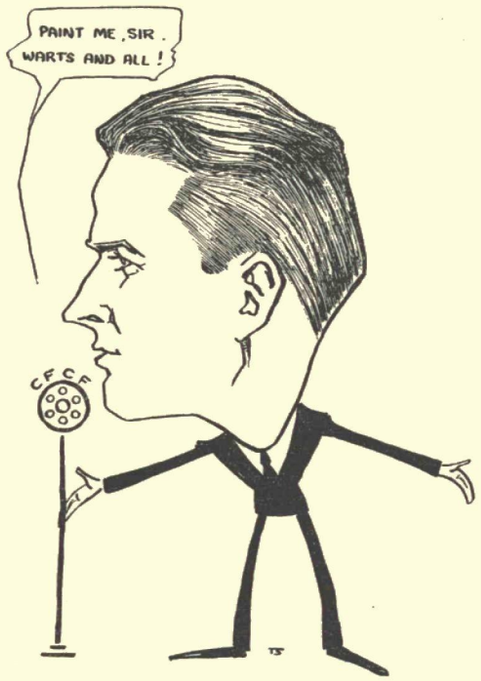


GIRARD, Jean Adolphe

"Je suis maître de moi comme de l'univers".
Corneille.

John would make an ideal barometer—he never drops. Whatever happens he is as unperturbed as the Stoic's sophos. An amateur at tennis, the automobile, the yo-yo, the arm-chair and municipal affairs, we feel certain that some day in the dim future we will find him sitting amongst the exalted of Montreal's rulers. Uncertain as to the choice of a career, he stood one day half-way between the Law School of U. of M. and L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, and, taking off his hat as once did Henry of Navarre, he watched what direction his curly hair would point. Destiny made him a businessman. Though always wearing stiff collars, John is by no means stiff-necked. A broad intellect with a keen eye for social conditions, John will rise high in the estimation of his countrymen, and Loyola will one day be proud that she harboured "Dapper John".

Activities: Inter-Class Debating; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Scientific Society; Loyola C.O.T.C., 1931-33.



LAFLAMME, Jacques Kemner

"Such is the youth, whose scientific pate
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await."
Byron.

Upon whom those scholarly gentlemen, the Philosophers, have bestowed the soubriquet "Speed". Jacques came to us nine long years ago and proceeded

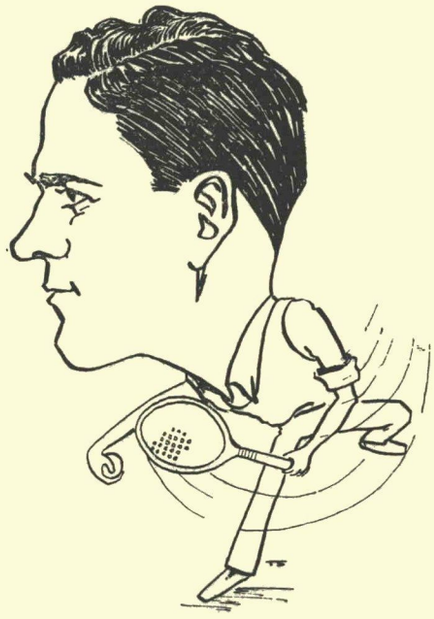
to take unto himself those elusive laurels known as Honours, succeeding to such an extent that it has become a habit. Ever a friend in need, he is continually sacrificing his time and endeavor to answer excessive appeals for help from less fortunate students, bearing their ignorance with a patience and cheerfulness worthy of a greater task. He is the executive of executives; the office of president seems to fit him like a glove, and his youthful shoulders carry the responsibilities of all the major societies, handling crises and smoothing over difficulties with amazing tact and diplomacy. Responding to the call of Science, Jacques leaves us to attend M.I.T. next year where we feel assured that his name and the name of Loyola will be ever to the fore. Good luck, Speed . . . . .

Activities: Loyola College Literary and Debating Society, President 1932-33, Vice-President 1931-32; Scientific Society, President 1932-33, Vice-President 1931-32; Dramatics 1931-32; Loyola Rifle Team 1932-33, Lewis Gun Team 1929-30; C.O.T.C.: Q.M. Lieutenant 1931-32, Platoon Commander 1932-33; Xi Eta 1933.

LEGAULT, Fernand Léon

"Or oïez une des plus grandes merveilles et des graigneurs aventures que vous onques ouïssez".
Villehardouin.

Fernand Legault is a great intellectual and has often astonished his classmates by his philosophic reading. He seems to have a partiality for Bergson and most other non-scholasic philosophers. Kant and Freud have never been better defended than by Ferd. Although he shines as a steady, discriminating scholar he has never been known to delight in writing up Physics reports. That Lachute is proud of Ferdie was evidenced early last Spring when he read in the Montreal Gazette that he had been elected president of its Golf and Tennis Club. As an athlete Ferd is rated as a powerful tennis player, a skilful golfer and a rugged hockeyist.



But however forgotten may become his athletic accomplishments in the years to come, he will always be remembered by the French colony of the class of '33 for the hospitality he accorded to them by his "open door" policy on the Flat.

Activities: Intramural Hockey 1932-33; Scientific Society 1932-33; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Loyola C.O.T.C. 1931-33; Sodality 1932-33.

MALONE, Edmund John

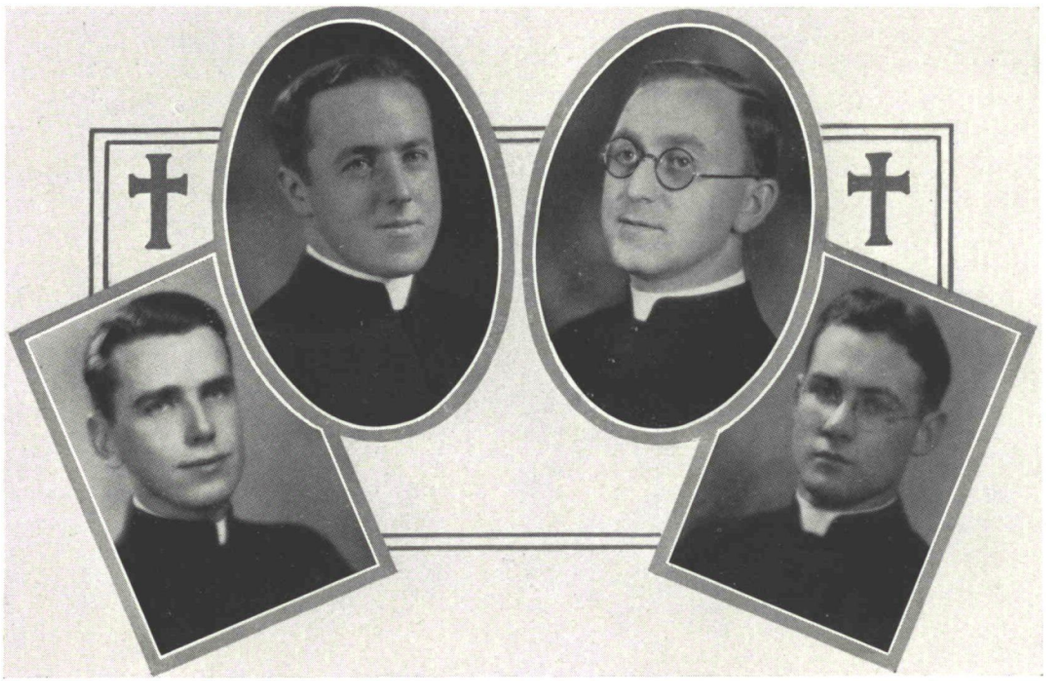
Ed joined us in 1926 and has since easily managed to keep his place in our sun. He is a wizard in all the arts and sciences and, replete with scholia and corollaries, spends much of his time vigorously exposing the tenets of Scholastic Philosophy. He is a member of good standing of the "Mighty Four" (the XI Etas) and often astounds us as he nonchalantly reels off the squares of complicated numbers. He has explained his system, but . . . . . .

Eddie is also a swordsman of no mean repute, and with no other weapon than a rolled-up newspaper he has been known to launch himself gallantly into the fray and, with lightning thrusts and parries, has carried all before



SENIOR

Standing: J. Bourgeois, J. Girard, V. Walsh, J. McGovern, C. Bucher, J. O'Brien, A. Sesia, F. Legault.
Seated: R. Ryan, P. Simard, H. Clough, L. Carroll, W. Daly, J. Laflamme, E. Malone, J. McIlhone.



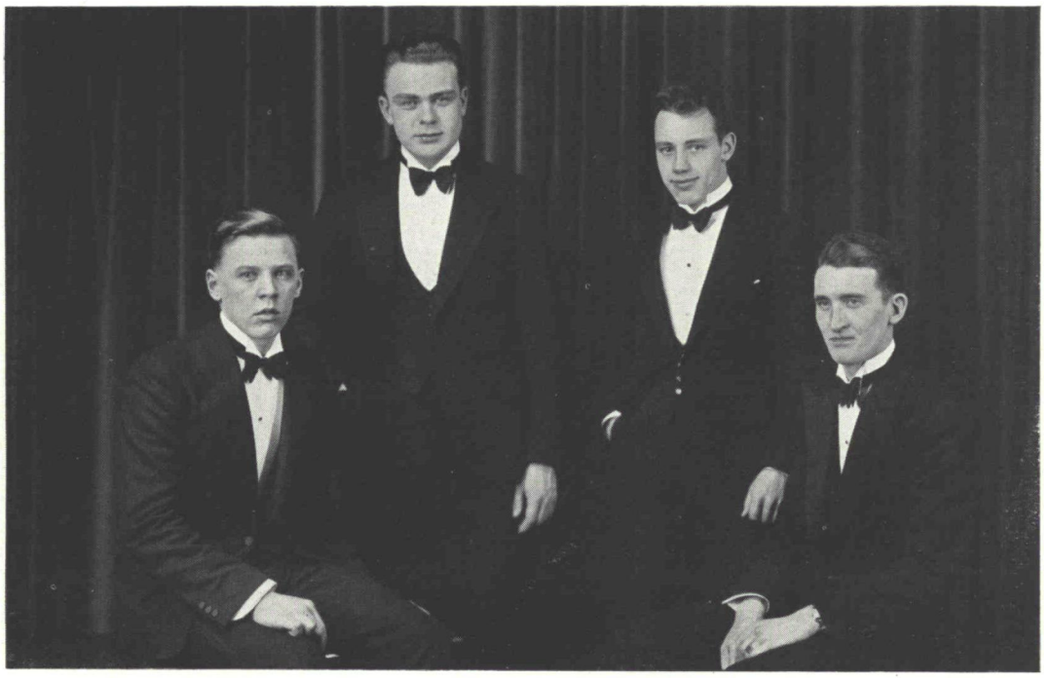
GRADUATES OF '29 RECENTLY ORDAINED

Rev. E. Britt Rev. G. Foley Rev. E. Feeley Rev. M. Healy



OFFICERS OF THE SODALITY

J. Bourke, B. Cullity, L. Bourke, W. Daly, E. Gough, J. Anglin, M. D. Dubee, G. Burman,
R. King, P. Marrin, L. Carroll, G. McGinnis



INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Eric Kierans, Frank Fleury, William Daly, William McTeague



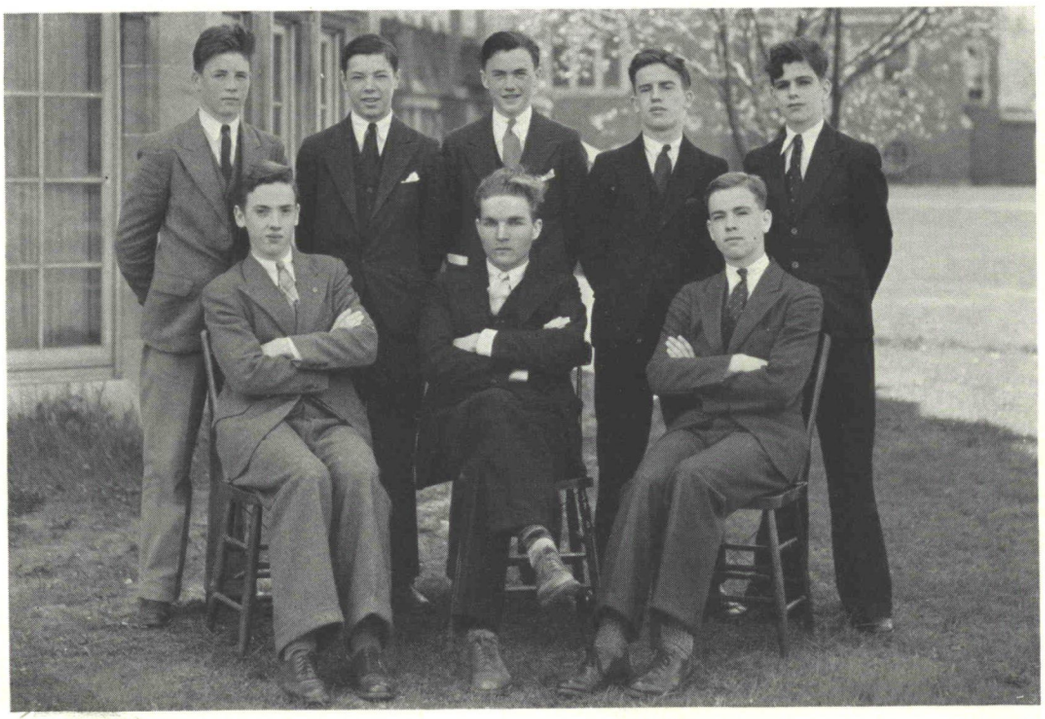
MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE TEAM

R. Shaughnessy, R. Altimas, R. Stanford, F. St. Cyr, G. McGinnis



JUNIOR MONTREAL DEBATING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Back Row: W. Morley, E. Hankey, E. McAsey, M. Cronin, H. Macdonald
Front Row: F.Quelch, J. Hart, H. Trihey



SONS OF ALUMNI IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Back Row: B. Clarke, B. Clarke, D. Reynolds, M. Emery, F. Power
Seated: R. O'Reilly-Boyce, H. Trihey, S. Clarke





him. In a word, Ed is a steady worker, an able physicist, a careful mathematician, a philosopher *par excellence*, an organizer with a passion for getting things done (as evidenced by his triumphs as Quarter-Master Lieutenant of the Loyola C.O.T.C.). A good fellow and . . . a bridge player *sans pareil*.

Activities: Scientific Society 1932-33; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society 1932-33; Secretary Xi Eta Fraternity; C.O.T.C.: Lewis Gun Team 1929-30; Q.M. Stores 1930-31; Q.M.S. 1931-32; Q.M. Lieut., 1932-33.

McGovern, John Edward

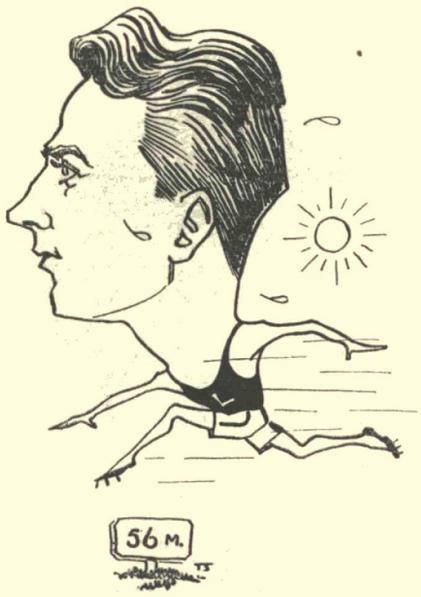
Jack is one of those fortunate men work cannot upset. Although he spends a minimum of fifteen hours a week in the laboratories of the various departments, he is ever found smiling and singing, immune to the petty worries of everyday life. Jack possesses that rare ability to be serious when it's time to be serious and to be gay when it's time to be gay. Besides his regular duties, he also takes an active part in the C.O.T.C. ranking, strange to say, as a cavalry officer. He made his first appearance in the Intramural Hockey League this year after an absence of three years and gave a strong helping hand to the boys to win the championship(!) Another of Jack's pastimes is to walk, either West where he can get his "two pohrk chopps, wun glaz meelk" from George (who can find nickels in your soup), or to walk East for his late afternoon tea. Jack's graduation will deprive the College and the Chem lab of one of the very few lyric tenors Loyola has ever produced.

Activities: Scientific Society; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Intramural Hockey 1933; C.O.T.C.: Lewis Gun Team 1929-30; Lieut. 1930-33; Musketry Committee 1933; Loyola Rifle Team, 1932-33.

McIlhone, John T.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*". Horace.

A cheery disposition and a polite manner have characterized John as far back as we can remember him. After eight years at Loyola, there are few



activities which have not claimed his earnest support. Football and hockey have had no more tireless adherent; but it is in track that John has achieved greater glory. Placing second in the Quebec marathon is just one of his many successes on the cinder path. Contrary to popular belief, success in Athletics has not detracted from his success in the lecture-halls. His high marks in Physics, the bugaboo of all Seniors, have amply shown that. Having absorbed everything possible from Loyola, John is now ready to continue his studies at the university and we feel sure that he will succeed in the future as he has in the past.

Activities: R. S. Sodality 1926-33 *Officer;* St. John Berchman Society 1926-33; *Secretary* 1930-32; L.C.A.A. *Councillor* 1930-31; Inter-Class Debating; Track *Captain* 1930-32; Intramural Hockey 1930-33; Intermediate Football 1929-32; Intermediate Hockey 1930-33.

O'Brien, John Joseph

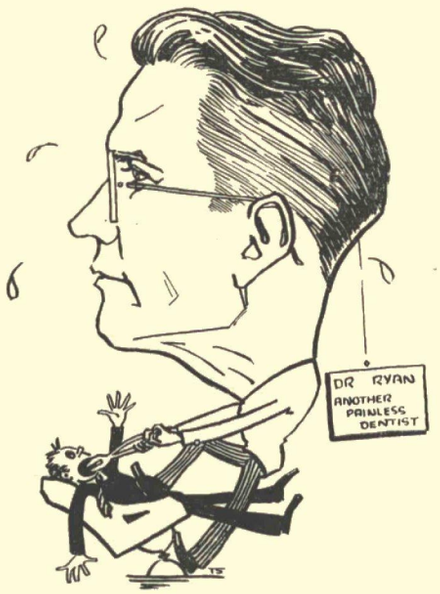
"Si fractus inlabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae". Horace.

If we accept as a guiding criterion Newman's classic definition of gentleman, we cannot do otherwise than hold Jack O'Brien in high esteem, for sterling



qualities do not remain hidden throughout eight years of closest association. Calmly accepting disappointments and reverses with a philosophic shrug and a cheerful smile, unobtrusively genial at all times, the Big Man includes every member of the class of '33 among his sincere friends and well-wishers. Jack seems to be one of those fortunate individuals who possess a very distinct notion of what they want, and the happy faculty of attaining it unheralded by any fanfare of ungracious self-assertion. His Alma Mater may confidently expect a notable career for this young man, whatever he may choose as the field for his life's work, whether ditch-digging or bridge-building, competent as he is in both. If we may be permitted the plagiarism, an orchid to you, John J!

Activities: Vice-President, Scientific Society, 1932-33; Intramural Hockey 1929-33; Lewis Gun Team 1929-30; Loyola Rifle Team 1932-33; C.O.T.C. Lieutenant, in charge of Musketry; Xi Eta 1933.



RYAN, Charles Ross

"In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great".
Roscommon.

In the early autumn of 1923 the ill-fated "Vestris" inward bound from Rio de Janeiro, carrying the usual mysterious cargo that comes from South America, deposited on the New York quays a small boy. His through ticket read "Rio to Montreal" and it was whispered about the promenade deck that the young traveller had come across a continent to attend Loyola College.

There being no band to greet him, and seeing that the New York City Reception Committee had failed to arrive, he gathered up his luggage and started on the last trek of his journey. After many such trips, Ross is now ready to purchase a homeward-bound ticket, but we hope it will not be marked "one way". After being milled about in the natural course of his college life and being further brushed down on the football field, one is surprised to find this tall, well-knit, well-balanced sane figure no longer any part of the youngster of the Vestris trip.

Ross has spent many years with us and has his presence felt not only in his class but in every branch of College life. He is of a retiring disposition but therein lies his strength. Ross will go a long way and Loyola will always remember him for his good sense and kindliness.

Activities: St. John Berchman Society 1929-33; Intramural Hockey 1929-30; Forum Debating Society 1929-31; Inter-Class Debating; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society, 1931-33; Intermediate Football 1929-32; Loyola C.O.T.C. 1929-30.



SESIA, Angelo Thomas

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Scott.

The name Angelo T. Sesia justly holds a place of honour in the College Who's Who. Hard work and consistently persevering effort have won him the posts of Editor of the *News* and Editor-in-Chief of this publication. He carries out his arduous duties with enthusiasm

and diligence, undeterred by hostile criticism and undaunted by sarcastic comment.

In military matters, Angelo from the first has been prominent as a leader and organizer, and this year our Senior Student Officer received due and fitting recognition of outstanding service by the award of the coveted McCrory Shield to his platoon.

Activities: Loyola Review, Editor 1931-32; Editor-in-Chief 1932-33; *Loyola News*, Reporter 1931-32, Editor-in-Chief 1932-33; Scientific Society Secretary 1932-33; Class Secretary 1929-30; Captain, Loyola Rifle Team 1931-32; C.O.T.C.: Instructor Lewis Gun Team 1929-30; Lieutenant 1930-33; President, Musketry Committee 1930-32; Platoon Commander 1932-33; President, Officer's Mess 1933.



SIMARD, Paul

"*Les petits ruisseaux font les grandes rivières*".

Here is a man with a million-dollar brain. No theory in philosophy is too difficult for him; a moment's concentration, a deep breath, and with a long-drawn-out "Ahhhh,,," he has the solution on the tips of his fingers. We learned from him how a test can be written in thirty-five minutes and a three hour exam in one third of the time. Although Paul has been with us but two years he will long be remembered for his cheerful good humour, genuine geniality, and the splendid intonations of his voice in the Physics lab.

Activities: Loyola College Literary and Debating Society 1931-33; Loyola C.O.T.C.; Scientific Society; Intramural Debating.



WALSH, Vincent Owen

Vinney came to Loyola in the old Prep days, and enjoys with Ross Ryan the reputation of "oldest inhabitant". Vincent has acquired for himself by diligent care and constant application in the realm of calculus and analytical geometry, the enviable position of President in the ancient and honourable order of the Xi Etas. A physicist of some note, Vincent is a member of the Champion Physics team, and possesses a technique which is the envy and despair of all. However when allowed to roam at large in the Chem lab he takes a particular fancy to glass-ware in general, and funnels in particular, with disastrous results. As a theologian, he is unparalleled and with only the slightest provocation he will quote texts from the scriptures, councils and fathers. With graduation the C.O.T.C.

will lose in Vinney one of their most capable and conscientious officers. As first Secretary of the Officers' Mess his name will live in his works. In fine, he is reserved and controlled, having been known to lose his temper only once in a memorable bridge game. He is a capable student, an energetic worker and well-deserving of all the success which we confidently predict for him.

Activities: Scientific Society; Loyola College Literary and Debating Society; Intramural Debating; Associate Editor *Loyola News* 1932; C.O.T.C.: Lewis Gun Team 1929-30, C.S.M. 1931-32, Platoon Commander 1932-33, Secretary Officers' Mess 1933; President Xi Eta Fraternity; Loyola Rifle Team 1932-33.

On a Day in Late Autumn

LET me escape this brooding monster, Wind,
That blowing, does the aged world enfold
Like a miser poring on his gold;
To some, far other land suffer me to find
My way, where eyes shall never see, nor mind
Endure such weariness. Free me from the old
And faded sun, whose fitful fingers hold
The ravaged glade where lately Autumn dined.
—For I remember now the flowing green
That gowned the trees when once the year was young,
The leafy beauty which then used to dress
The nakedness that now alone is seen.
So sorrow fills me, and my heart is wrung
With pain for so much wasted loveliness.

ELMER SHEA, '35

Gangsters of Rome

THOSE who are distressed by the signs of the times might find consolation in comparing them with the political chaos through which Rome struggled in the first century B.C.; and further consolation in observing that Rome survived it all by four hundred years. While the disorders lasted however, they were so devastating and affected so many citizens that no modern gangster could hope to achieve similar results.

The Roman gangsters arose in the transition from city state to empire. No radical change in constitution was adopted to keep pace with the colonial expansion. As long as Rome remained a republic she was ruled by two consuls and several praetors who were elected annually and had much the same functions as mayors and aldermen in a modern city. These positions were especially desirable as the stepping-stones to the governorship of a province. Thus mayors and aldermen after their year's office became absolute monarchs of Sicily, sections of Spain, Gaul, North Africa and Asia Minor; as if the mayor of a small American city were suddenly appointed emperor of France. For a time it was also a function of the mayors to act as generals in time of war. They gave a notable specimen of their ability when Hannibal trapped and killed a hundred thousand Romans at Cannae. The problem of appointing expert generals for long foreign wars remained unsolved.

The same inefficiency predominated in the city itself. Administration by peaceful means was becoming more and more difficult since there were not sufficient legal checks on men of ambition. Reformers were not welcome in Rome at this time and the customary reward for their efforts was assassination. The Gracchi brothers, Tiberius and Gaius, originated a "Back to the Land" movement which displeased the senators and incited them to have the Gracchi "bumped off", both within ten years. The senate dealt with Livius Drusus in the same way when he tried to bring about the emancipation of the Italian allies. Drusus fell dead in his own home, struck by a dagger from an unseen hand. His death was the despair of the Italians who resorted to rebellion.

Wartime appointments at this time depended on the military strength the army leaders could put in the field because the Roman armies were no longer loyal to the state but only to their leaders. Sulla and Marius, both gangsters of atrocious cruelty, decided the command of the Mithridatic war between themselves by pitting their armies together. Sulla wrested the commission from Marius in spite of a decree of the people; whereupon Marius, in the absence of his opponent, usurped the consulship of Rome. Any pedestrian whom Marius happened to meet on the streets and did not greet as a friend was killed on the spot by his gang. But the excitement was too much for the old man and he died of heart failure. In the meantime Sulla returned just in time to save Rome from the rebelling Samnites. He then proceeded to harangue the senators, unperturbed by the shrieks of eight thousand Samnite captives who were being cut down at his orders nearby. Not to be outdone by Marius in bloodshed, Sulla posted up lists bearing the names of Romans who were to die. Thousands of Sulla's

enemies and many harmless individuals lost their lives as private jealousy was given full scope by the ease with which any name could be included in the lists.

The attempt to alleviate the depressed classes also entailed armed conflict due, no doubt, to the author of the main attempt, Catiline. This man's methods belied the worthy motives that may have prompted his actions. His preliminary murders were directed at his brother, wife and son in order that he might better his social standing. After being barred from the consulship on charges of extortion in Africa, he formed a plot to murder the consuls; in this he would have succeeded had he not given the signal prematurely. He then collected a gang of twenty thousand from the slums of Rome with the intention of wiping the city from the face of the earth by slaughter and fire. The plan was thwarted only by Cicero's utmost vigilance. Catiline's gang perished to a man in pitched battle, their leader fighting desperately to the last.

Not even every-day business could be conducted without resorting to arms. For where Catiline failed, another gangster, Publius Clodius, met with considerable success in promoting less pretentious disturbances. His powerful gangs of freedmen and slaves terrorized Rome by their continual spilling of blood and their control of the streets. Clodius took keen delight in making government impossible. At one time Pompey, then at the height of his greatness, was besieged in his house by a creature of Clodius; according to a legal technicality one citizen had a constitutional right to besiege another and the besieger could not be legally prevented. Clodius found his equal, however, in Titus Annius Milo who checked his rival's gang of slaves with one of gladiators. Clashes between the two in the streets were occurrences of every day and if any trial or election happened to interest either, it could not be held. Both leaders, accompanied by small parties, met for the last time on the Appian way, quite by chance. A skirmish ensued in which Clodius was wounded. Milo hounded him to a tavern where he had sought to hide and killed the defenceless wretch in cold blood besides all the inmates of the tavern. A regular gangster's funeral was arranged for Clodius by his relatives. They played upon the emotions of the mob by exposing the mutilated corpse of the gangster in the Forum and by dramatizing the hysterical grief of his widow. The flames of the huge pyre erected by the frenzied audience, razed the senate house to the ground. But for the protection of Pompey's soldiers, Milo would have been lynched. He was fairly tried, however, and condemned to exile.

Finally Julius Caesar ended the old regime by virtue of a perfectly trained army. For ten years he practised his men on the Gauls, then turned on Rome, leaving none in the city to dispute his mastery. When Brutus and Cassius, jealous for the sake of the now defunct republic, waved their daggers dripping with Caesar's blood and shouted "Liberty" to the populace of Rome, the populace was quite indifferent. It did not want liberty but "bread and circuses".

JOHN ANGLIN, '34

Home

A house of stone for the absent sun,
A house of flesh for my fragile heart,
A house of cards for my dreams' wild chart,
And a house of earth when the long trail's done.

ELMER SHEA, '35

The Juniors

THE little brown dog sniffed around the huge greyish building much in the manner of ten thousand other dogs that wander beyond the limits of their own back yard. This particular pup was evidently a mere curiosity-seeker, for no sooner had he spied an open window than he dashed towards it and began a careful investigation of what lay beyond. He hesitated as strange and rather disagreeable odors assailed him. Soon, however, he had placed one and then the other forepaw on the ledge, and was peering cautiously into the room. A number of people in long white coats were moving about. The lusty vocal efforts of one of them was rudely interrupted by a terrific report. By a flash of animal instinct, the little fellow realized that this was perhaps not the best place for him, and promptly turned tail and raced away considerably faster than he had come.

The scene of the incident was no other than the Chem Lab at Loyola, where the Juniors chanced to be passing the time, playing with test tubes, Bunsen Burners and gas bottles. The loud report was not a pistol shot, but merely one of Artie Phelan's little experiments which took a wrong turn and blew up. The crooner, of course, was Dick King, whose renditions have even goaded Ed Gough, on occasion, to break forth with "Just an Echo in the Valley".

Chemistry is but one pebble on the beach of the Junior's activities. A few sidelights on the members of the class will, we think, furnish some ideas on how to make a college course interesting.

It may be due to the effects of a long, satisfying sip of Philosophy that argumentation has consistently been the order of the day. John Demetre, with twinkling eye and disarming smile, will talk for hours to convince you that black is not really black, but white. This is an exaggeration, for at times this student of Biology is in agreement with his classmates,—but not for long.

His "savoir faire" has carried Buster McTeague to great heights in football and debating. But these accomplishments reached their zenith when he wore the Chem professor's missing Lab coat, under the latter's nose, for over a week. In his spare time, the "watermelon" obligingly acts as Phelan's sparring partner.

While Art Phelan boasts of his ability as Class hockey custodian, we have had to claim too many "moral" victories to keep far enough away from the cellar position. Nevertheless, Artie cuts a smart figure as a Cavalry officer, and, in addition, can lay claim to slight fame for his concoction of what he calles "fudge", but which tastes like glue.

Ed Levesque rolled in last September, for the first time, from British Columbia, and is still tired from the trip. When a gas pipe broke the other night, the authorities burst into "Burps" room with a pulmotor, only to find our hero sleeping peacefully, and wearing his usual seraphic expression.

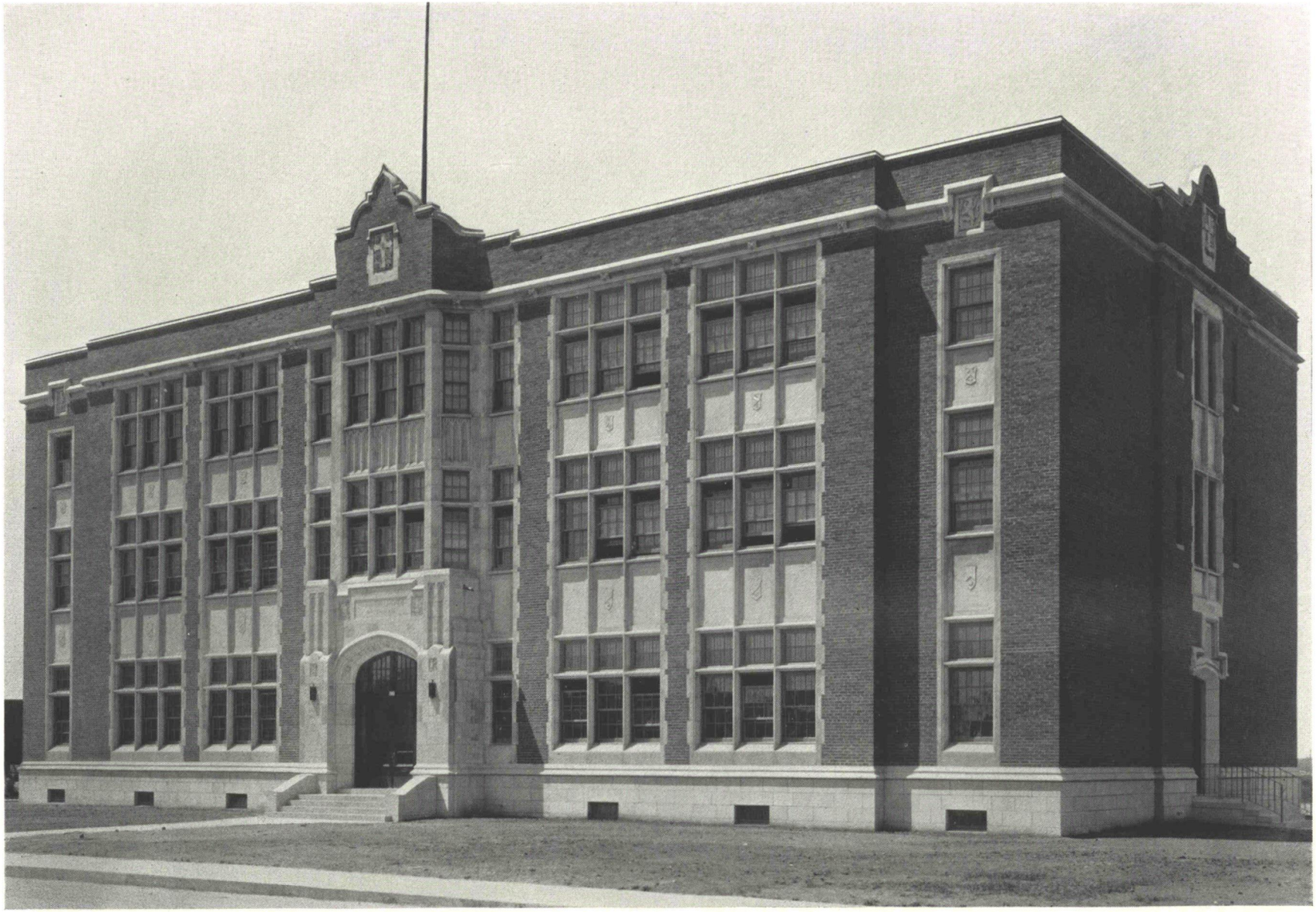
Another happy-go-lucky newcomer, Ed Gohier, has been fretting for real summer to arrive; for "Laughing Eyes" shoots a fine game of golf, and all in all prefers the open spaces. However, his numerous sympathetic lady friends save him from becoming too lonesome.

James Gallagher, one of the few remaining members of the original Class of '34, is closing an exceptionally successful year. The envy of all the boys in matters philosophical, Jim is still his



LOYOLA REVIEW STAFF

Standing: A. Casgrain, B. Fahey, J. McLaughlin, R. Routh, W.Stewart,E. Shea,H. Kierans, E.Gough, R. O'Connell, A. Keyes, Rev. Bernard Lonergan, S.J., *Moderator.*
Seated: M. O'Brien J. Laflamme, A. Sesia, *Editor-in-Chief*, E. Kierans, *Business Manager*, J. Anglin, G. McGinnis. *Absent:* F. Fleury, M. Brabant.



THE NEW ST. IGNATIUS PARISH SCHOOL

old, quiet, diligent self. As a football player, he is—well, a good philosopher.

The Laurentians may call, in the winter months, but a few days' retreat at the Sault is the true recipe for a happy life, according to Bernard Bourgeois, a recent recruit from Brébeuf. Bernie is invariably in good humor, but he lost a whole week's rest last February, thinking up arguments to convince Wil Kennedy that the world is finite in extent. Then Chemistry became his nightmare.

The dictionary defines "cackle" as the "cry of a hen", but the word may be used equally well to describe John Anglin's expression of mirth. Despite this idiosyncrasy, Jay is usually on top in Philosophy, Economics, or what have you? Keeping tab on baseball scores and forcing Ed Gough to study overtime are his favorite pastimes.

A passionate speaker and outstanding athlete, Laurie Shaughnessy puts one in mind of Mark Antony. But as a staunch pacifist,—in theory, at least—our Class President could never be expected to "let loose the dogs of war". His solution of the banking problem, however, warrants a place on the agenda of the coming World Economic Conference; again, possibly his ideas had best remain within the confines of the classroom.

When Gandhi's methods of civil disobedience failed him, Graeme Bailey finally allowed himself to be coaxed to attend the C. O. T. C. Inspection and Banquet. No doubt the self-styled "dean" feels that it is beneath the dignity of a third degree "master mind" to march about in a private's uniform, which lacks even a cocked hat and gold braid.

Dick King cannot truthfully be called a rabid militarist, though on parade we hear little more than a "peep" out of him. His duties as rambling reporter of the *News* launched our erstwhile class beadle on an investigation of the alleged googooism connected with the passing of the Beer Bill at Albany. Richard will in all probability feel more in his element when the rugby season starts.

An eloquent and convincing denunciation of present day political and economic institutions will help you to identify our son of Old Quebec, Georges Amyot. Since Georges became a day scholar, his routine has consisted mainly in long walks at night, a daily discourse on the pros and cons of the "cut" system, and an occasional appearance at lectures.

Last year's "early birds" have had their laurels snatched from them by the quiet, unassuming Harry Williams, who is spending his first year at Loyola. Having pierced his reserve, we see in him genuine wit, considerable hockey ability, and an actual liking for C.O.T.C.

Blending the fanciful imagination of the poet with the accuracy of thought of the scientist, John Newman has an altogether likeable personality. It may be an emergency measure in case of fire, but Jack always sits near a window. The worst punishment you could wish on him is solitary confinement where he would not be allowed to converse with anyone, or to play Contract Bridge.

Call St. Eustache a few derogatory names and Wilson Kennedy will immediately come forward to show you where your education is incomplete. Firmly convinced that the family is the "pillar of society", Wil recently held a heated discussion with a lady of Socialist tendencies, at a meeting of the Saturday Night Club (not a cabaret). Apart from his delusion that he always wins an argument, he is well liked for his affability and his sterling character.

Like George Bernard Shaw, Glen Ryan dislikes being accused of following the herd. Not very communicative, he seems to be always enjoying some little joke of his own. Saturday morning is Glen's big moment when he has the

enviable task of acting as supervisor in the Chemistry Lab.

With all his worries as Business Manager of the football team, especially those connected with amusement tax, Edmund Gough still found time to make a close study of Warden Lawes' story of "20,000 Years in Sing Sing". Since that stimulating experience, Ed has managed to hold the positions of bass in the Parish Choir, platoon commander in the C. O. T. C., associate Editor of the *Review*, and leading authority on Oxford English. Also, he is the central figure in a twenty-six stanza ballad composed by an adoring public.

"Is my face red?" is the question that occupies James Bulger's mind when our New England Geology lecturer expatiates on the peculiar "bulges" that persist in cropping up on the earth's surface. Jim, with a fine bass voice, is well qualified to make the fifth member of any quartet east, or even west of Chicago. Tennis is really the Sarge's "pièce de résistance".

We know very little of Jacques Catudal's private life, but this peace ambassador from Montreal College must be quite the "social lion". His infectious little laugh, always courteous demeanor and obliging disposition have gained him many friends. Jacques continues to think that afternoon classes begin at one-fifteen.

John Hawke's occasional visits to New York's Great White Way promote him from the provincial class. His pet likes are: a "Coke" every afternoon, banquets (without after-dinner speeches) keeping his notes up to date, and holding the post of supernumerary corporal in the C.O.T.C.

Napoleon, the former "little corporal" is Cyril Cuddihy's shining hero. Cy, who won his Sergeant's stripes this year, has just emerged from a long tedious battle with Chemical "unknowns". His discovery of a baby octopus in the stomach of his dogfish, during Biology Lab, was the occasion of an item on page two of the *News*.

Trois Rivières' Jean Darche, who prefers his yellow roadster to even Montreal's newest street cars, always looks for the amusing side of any situation. We are sorry to report that the mild epidemic of schoolgirl's giggle —the germ of which Anglin probably brought up from Toronto—has left a slight mark on the otherwise normal Jean.

The "late" Frank Fleury (if you will pardon the overworked pun) must read up his matter before each lecture. This seems the only plausible explanation of the innumerable "catch" questions with which he baits the Chemistry professor. His weighty responsibilities as Adjutant of the C.O.T.C., inter-university debater, and inside wing on the rugby squad leave Il Duce absolutely placid and unperturbed.

If landlords, tax collectors, and salesmen are popular, then George Burman must be also: for whenever there is a question of Class pins, dinners, or similar "hold-ups", he is given the doubtful honor of acting as business manager, or treasurer. Oh well, he should worry if he manages to make his "pile" out of it.

There, in a fair-sized nutshell, you have the Juniors. Our numbers were depleted this year by the departure of Walter Shea, Louis Segatore and John Tansey. We trust that these three popular gentlemen will be back at Loyola next September. In the meanwhile we are trying hard to cultivate a dignified mien and the proper realization of our own importance, in order that we may start our Senior year at scratch.

Retirement

"YES," thought Mr. Longton, "this is the day." It was still too early to be much different from any other day, but he felt quietly happy. He had almost, he remembered, the same feeling that comes as you punch the timeclock in the evening. Then, having stretched himself for the third time in fifteen minutes, he got up.

The weather was hardly fitting for so momentous an occasion in his life. As he looked out the window at the street three storeys below, he saw the ground covered with slushy snow. The seediness of the neighborhood and the bleakness of the sky only made the setting more dreary. Slushy snow, grey sky, foggy air. Gravely Mr. Longton informed himself that it would be much murkier after the factories started.

Although he sighed as he turned to face the room, he was not greatly disturbed. For through long years his days had been so much alike, his routine so complete, his thoughts and emotions so fully under control that he was affected very little by the weather. And his room, depressing as it might be to a stranger, failed even to register on whatever he had of aesthetic consciousness. The faded but still bewildering pattern of the wall-paper, the threadbare rug, the masterfully ugly brass bed and the forlorn furnishings had all become so much a part of him that he was no more aware of them than he would be of a small mole on his hand.

"Yes, today," he repeated again as he began to dress. Today he would receive his pension. Today the office and drudgery and his old life would be finished. For the first time in many years he was forced to smother an impulse to shout and dance.

He left the room on tiptoes. It was a boarding house and all the other roomers were asleep, for office-workers do not have to get up as early as elevator men. He walked down the long, narrow hall, and the brown, slightly-tilted stairs, winding his watch as he went. In spite of himself he whistled.

He proceeded down the street to the restaurant where he regularly had breakfast. It was a shabby restaurant, but to Mr. Longton who was so used to shabbiness, it did not seem so. It did not occur to him to question it, the same as it did not occur to him to consider his way of living or even himself. An unimaginative and secretive man he was, but over the second cup of coffee that morning he did not feel his usual hesitation about talking to the owner. He even mentioned and elaborated on the pension.

The clicking of the alarm clock at quarter-of-seven was the signal for him to depart. He gathered up his overshoes and umbrella and woollen scarf, and having said goodbye with his usual short nod, he was off. The restaurant was quite a long distance from the office but there was no need to hurry. He trudged along through the snow, the wet flakes blowing in his face, the wind penetrating his thin coat. But he did not at all mind them, for inside him spread a warm glow of anticipation.

He arrived at the office a little after seven. Most of the other-elevator men were already there. They greeted him energetically and made many jokes. Young Tom Hawkins said something about "the millionaire retiring today," and Bill Walters asked him if "he was withdrawin' to his estate at Bermuda." To all these witticisms Mr. Longton smiled his tolerant smile.

Then he put away his coat and began to polish the brass on his elevator. A strange feeling possessed him. This was the last time he would shine the rail and the knobs. The handle which for years had been the center of his life would tomorrow be something far away something in another world. Funny, he thought, that he should feel that way about it. Why should the modern soundproof walls and the silent tiles of the floor take on an appearance of eerieness simply because he was not going to work there after today?

The morning rush began at ten minutes of nine. First came the stenographers and office boys and clerks. They were as usual brimming over with flippancies and very recent slang. Some of them said good morning to Mr. Longton and some did not; it rather restored his sense of balance that they carried on just as if this were any other day and not the day of his retirement. After all, he asked himself without bitterness, what does a poor elevator man amount to, anyway?

The owners and managers came about nine-thirty. He murmured a greeting to each in turn and rode them to their respective floors, mechanically and efficiently as a robot. And somehow, though he was doing the things he had been doing for thirty years now, that last morning passed quickly and evenly as the elevator-car itself. There was the morning rush, the morning lull, the noon rush, and lunch.

It was quite the most pleasant lunch Mr. Longton ever enjoyed. Through the haze of the pipe-smoke and the political discussions the semi-portable diner lost all its bareness and became almost a luxurious salon. Especially so since today he was the guest of honour. One of the men in an inspiration of humour had introduced him as the Honorable George Longton, who will speak on his future. They forced him to stand up and stammer a few words, and cheered him thunderously. An altogether delightful affair.

The afternoon slipped by with him in that state of suspended animation into which all elevator-men lapse at will. Except for the strange warmth in his heart he might have been inanimate. He nodded to the people, asked them their floors, brought them to an unhurried and smooth stop, without an ounce of conscious effort on his part. Then suddenly it was six o'clock and the day was finished. The last day at the office, dreamed about for so long that it had become legendary, now completely and bewilderingly over! He almost trembled as he walked down the hall to the Employee's Office. The dark, deserted passage threw fantastic shadows across his path, the whole building resembled a brooding giant.

But back in the Employee's Office all was efficiency again. People hurried about, some of them greeting and congratulating him as they rushed past.

The girl in the Salary Adjustment Bureau looked up his card and gave him his pay envelope. "Your automatic pension starts next month" she told him, and because there was something sad about poor old Mr. Longton she added "Good Luck".

He walked up the street, thinking only of his new glory. But all at once a doubt assailed him. Something he never before had considered. His dreams of the future had gone only as far as the day of his retirement, never past it. He was like a man who had spent years trying to pass a mountain only to find when he finally succeeded that he had forgotten his original motive. What would he do with his time now that he no longer had to work? The question awed him. "Might visit my sister" he thought. Yes, that would be the thing to do. "Years since I saw her," he said, "children grown up, likely, be glad to see me."

But what after that? His sister was a good woman, he appreciated, but she

had a tongue like a lash; she would not stand for him idling about the house all day long. He recalled the stormy scenes that had marked his last visit to her, and his determination never to return. He decided the visit would have to be postponed.

With some misgiving he recalled that he had no real interests in life. He seldom read: a paper in the evening was all he ever desired after the office. It frightened him to remember that his infrequent holidays had always been unnaturally long and empty, and that always he had looked forward to the next working day.

He continued up the street, oblivious to all around him, his thoughts a curtain shutting off the outside world. "Well, no use to worry about that now.' he said finally and stepped off the curb.

But too late. The light had changed. He saw a car rush down the skiddy street upon him. There was a screeching of brakes and a quick rush of pain before he lost consciousness.

Hours later at the hospital he struggled up from the depths of the anæsthetic. He saw the lights jump and heard the internes say something about a compound fracture of the spine. But he fell off to sleep again, and did not see them shake their heads and say he could not possibly live till noon.

The next time Mr. Longton awoke it was about six in the morning. He tried to clear his head; everything was so confused. To himself he murmured that he must have caught cold and might not be able to go to work. Suddenly he remembered. He was going to receive a pension. He would not have to work any longer. Vaguely he smiled. For after all, wasn't this the day?

ELMER SHEA, '35.

Intuition

HERE are my days
From God they flow,
Clean white days
All in a row.

These days grew
In the light of the Lord,
Drew in strength
While His kindness poured.

Now they flourish
And bring forth fruit,
Blessing wherein
They took root.

Watch these days,
Neat in their row,
This is autumn,
Strong winds blow.

ELMER SHEA, '35

John Galsworthy, Novelist

JOHN GALSWORTHY is dead. His passing has brought inexpressible grief to his friends, but his work has ensured for himself a long life of recognition and instruction. John Galsworthy is being mourned today as one of our greatest novelists. His death leaves a gap among Englishmen of letters, the magnitude of which is being determined by critics who have united in praising the vitality of his talented hand.

The period of time covered by Galsworthy's novels extends with few lapses from 1886 to 1926. He has special characterizations for each of three periods. Soames and Irene are the spirits of Possession and unbridled Beauty of his first period. Gentle Mr. Lavender, during the World War, is the voluble, misunderstanding, incompetent, spirit of National Patriotism. "The White Monkey", a Chinese picture of a monkey with startled eyes squeezing the juice from an orange, is his closing type. This is interpreted by the painter, Aubrey Greene, when explaining that it represents the present time: "Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rind, and get copped doing it,—Civilization caught out!" Galsworthy undoubtedly sympathized with the last of his portraits and he advises that it be shaded with the steadying influence of his first type of security. He is especially concerned with the change from staid security to unrestrained indifference, a change for which he blames the War. "We live today, let tomorrow look after itself," is his diagnosis of post-War carelessness. The exquisite personal touches of his 1890 funerals and family reunions show how unwholesome is Michael Mont's: "Pity is pop! Sentiment is bunk!" Of the middle period, Galsworthy is very reticent. The book, which the delightful though ineffectual Mr. Lavender dominated, was not published under his own name till some time after the armistice; so certain was he of the tremendous feeling it would arouse. His patriotism can never be questioned, though it is subordinate to the humanitarian feelings of the author.

Galsworthy's best character portrayal is undoubtedly, Soames Forsyte. Soames the "Man of Property", belonged to the upper middle class. He was the last and most characteristic son of the characteristic Forsytes. A family, whose shrewdness and security, domination and determination, were features of a careful existence; the Forsyte's lives were ironclad contracts ordered by wills, drawn up with thoroughness and regulated by principles moulded from experience. If the slightest deviation from these were noticed in a Forsyte, the offender would be victimized with general disapproval. Soames was a lawyer both by nature and profession, a combination that, while producing his sense of self-confidence, gave him what was considered of much greater value by a Forsyte,—interest from judicious investments. Aloofness was caused rather by mental absorption than by intentional contempt. Upon this hereditary background, Galsworthy sets the course of the tragedy of Soames Forsyte. His determination is never shaken but his domineering disposition encounters unsurmountable obstacles. At the root of all his trouble is the sense of property. Galsworthy represents the Forsyte age as an age of ownership. Possession was considered licence. Soames owned his money, his investments, his pictures,

his wife, and himself. The right to use these was indisputably his. This sense of property would have become a type, had not the artist's concentrated effort preserved the individuality of Soames. Galsworthy pitied Soames and this pity turns what might have been a selfish cynic, into a frustrated victim of circumstance. In this strange character, Galsworthy has expended his greatest effort to produce a singular specimen of artistry and maxim.

The other characters are by no means as perfect. Galsworthy endeavours to show the dissatisfaction of a misspent life by labelling his characters with certain oddities, either appealing or otherwise. He would have us admire the determination of Irene to avoid Soames, of Jolyon to protect her. He applauds the decision of Val Dartie and young Jolly to enlist. The sturdiness of Michael Mont and the fidelity of the youngest Jolyon become pathetically decent. But June and her "lame ducks" are an annoyance. The caprice of Fleur is almost despicable. Annette's nationality is sufficient excuse for her conduct. Galsworthy has allowed himself to approve of certain actions which he forces upon his characters and this approval strains the figure that might otherwise have been natural. It is thus that the moralizing of Galsworthy becomes the advice of one who holds objections to most modes of life, and this has a detrimental influence upon the writer's art.

Galsworthy as an artist was especially conscientious in his pictures. He gives us a moving account of the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century. He did not content himself merely with the actions of his characters, but he acquainted us with their motives. It was as though he gave them their century, their name, and their stimulus, and then left them to work out their own existence. He typifies their motives and excuses their indiscretions by claiming that they are victims of circumstance. It is with this sympathetic, generous, view of his fellowmen that he commences his moralizing. But his moralizing does not destroy his artistry. He is ever faithful, ever determined to be true to the life of his time. It is said that he never allowed a line to stand that did not ring true. A striking quality of his novels is the uncommon brilliance of the dialogue. Economy is also observed in his conversation. Contemporary critics consider the plays of Galsworthy excellent models for dialogue study, and this excellence has also had a powerful influence upon his novels though it would sometimes appear affectation. His work is clear, minute in detail, and elaborately finished. At times his ornament may seem misplaced but he is always comprehensive in his loftiest elegance. Realism is the foundation of his style. Neatness, completeness, and fidelity to mankind, are his willing workmen.

The novels of John Galsworthy were concerned chiefly with the upper middle class, and only in this are they accurate. His descriptions of the lower classes are imaginative and often overdrawn. The life of Tony Bicket, "the little snipe" and his wife, Victorine, is at once beatific, and pitiful; then, desperate and frantically happy. Everything is vaguely developed; their emotions are not the results of their poor condition, nor are their actions the logical conclusions of their emotions. This is one of the chief defects of the novels. The writer sees the lower classes only from the enclosure of his own social sphere. The result is, of course, a strained representation and one which does not properly fit in with the rest of his realism. A second defect arises when his scrupulous regard for detail, especially in backgrounds, becomes laborious and wearisome. Sincere feeling softens the errors of the first fault; while humour, sometimes mocking, lends some colour to the dullness and intricacy of family connections.

The novels of John Galsworthy show the bitterness of the author towards class conventions. He hated the distinction of rank, and covers it with his contempt. The exclusiveness of the Forsyte family is the subject of his upbraiding. To the individual, however he is the father with advice and direction. His magnanimity exposes the distress of the oppressed and the cruelty of the oppressors. Galsworthy had a genuine love of common justice and equal rights. His patriotism has saved him from violent abuse of society. His contemporaries unite in calling him a true Englishman. Yet, in his patriotism he never allows himself to forget the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He was never carried away with national frenzy during the World War, but in his judicious, serene fairness, said that though it was necessary to hate the Germans, it seemed impossible to forget that they were human beings. A few personal touches add further knowledge of the author's character, just as they give ease and naturalness to his novels. A free familiarity with pictures and painters is a delicate finish. A fervent lover of animals, particularly of dogs, characterized Galsworthy's entire life and has been the subject of many essays.

From some of his closer friends such as Waugh and Ninever, we are given a more complete view of Galsworthy's sentiments. Waugh writes of "his broad and sheltering sympathy; his hate of hate; his scorn of scorn; his all empowering love of love."

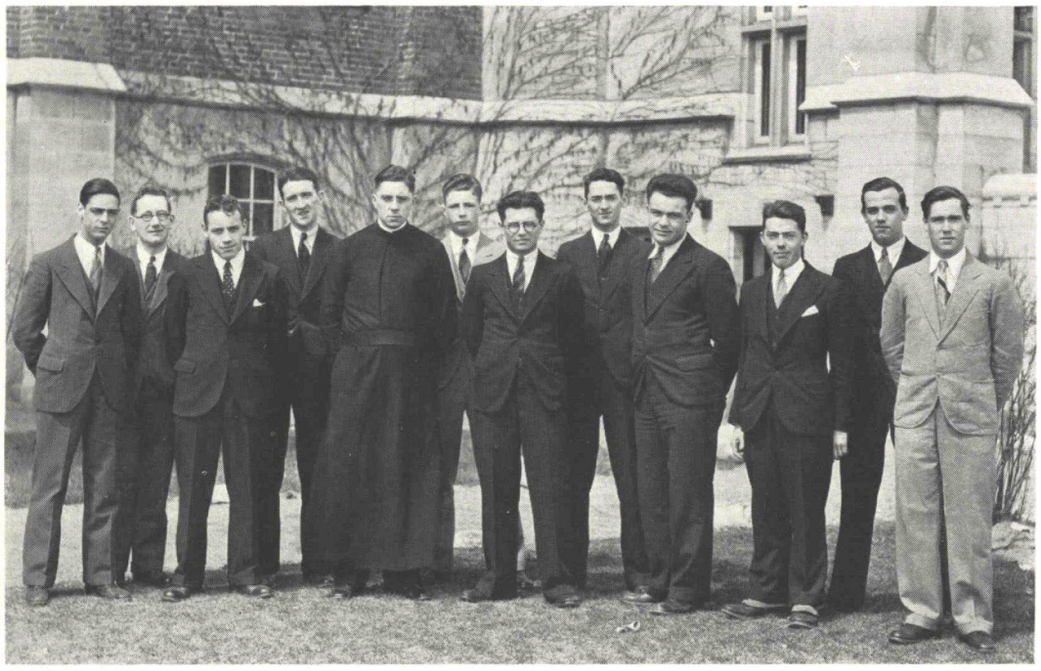
Internationally famous, Galsworthy always favoured any international exchanges of goodwill and confidence, and it was his belief that letters could accomplish these ends if properly organized. For several terms he was president of the P.E.N. Club (poets and playwrights, editors, and novelists), and under his direction it became better known among literary men and more influential among statesmen. Galsworthy believed that literature should be the common currency of all nations, that it should be influenced by no political or national passion, that all members of the P.E.N. Club should exert their greatest efforts to produce good standing between all nations.

Will the novels of John Galsworthy survive? This question will only be answered in following generations, as contemporary critics have often proved mistaken in their judgments and prophecies. However, there are many qualities which the critic may select as warranting their probable survival. The historical picture of the late nineteenth century is undoubtedly one of his greatest achievements and for this reason, it is quite possible that the novels will live. Between the covers of his skilled handiwork, there exists a tale of life,—a tale of a rich, middle-class family; a tale of security, of good "old-fashioned" common sense. Across his pages, there is written an account of that period of human existence just previous to the time, when the world began to change so rapidly that all vestige of that past life was absorbed in convulsive confusion. Galsworthy's England has disappeared, but it will live on in his books as does Roman civilization, enshrined because of the extinct period that it represents. The realism in his novels is not as certain a warrant to survival. Modern literature is impregnated with realism. It is agreed that this atmosphere cannot endure and its decline may mean the decline of interest in realistic writings. Galsworthy, as Noel Coward in his modern epic "Cavalcade", portrays with tragic monotony the futility of individual effort against social conditions. This attitude, dominating present-day literature, is considered detrimental to future popularity; and yet, because of their historical worth which should override the probable defect of realism, the novels of John Galsworthy are justified in claiming survival.



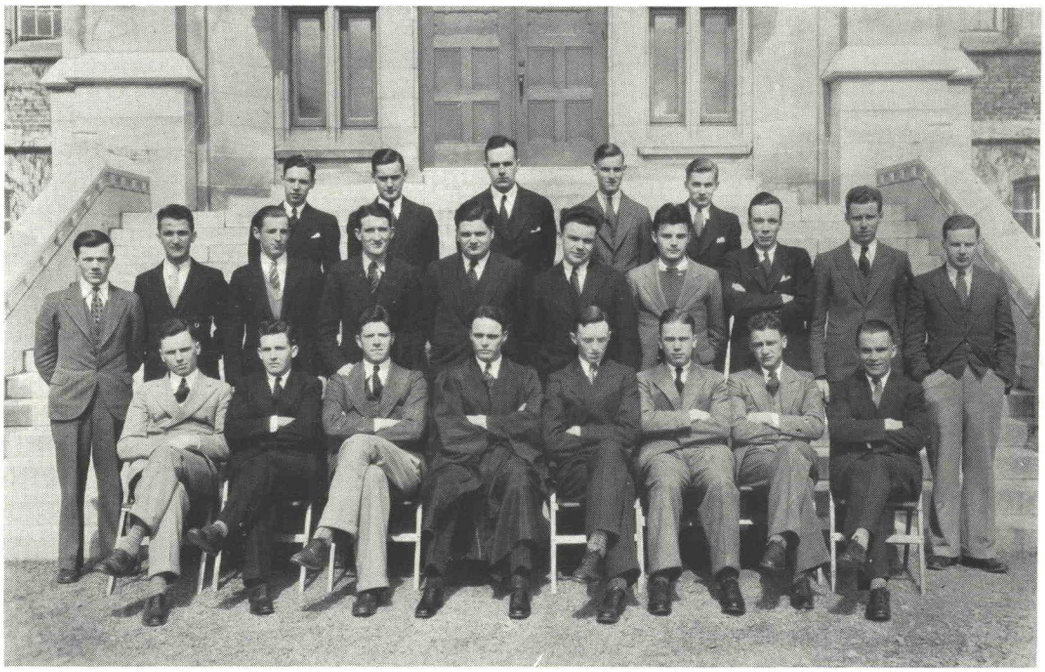
L. C. A. A. EXECUTIVE

G. Aubut, G. McGinnis, G. Burman, L. McKenna, W. Daly, E. Gough, Rev. R. McElligott, S.J., E. Bronstetter, L. Carroll, W. Morley, R. Altimas, W. Holland



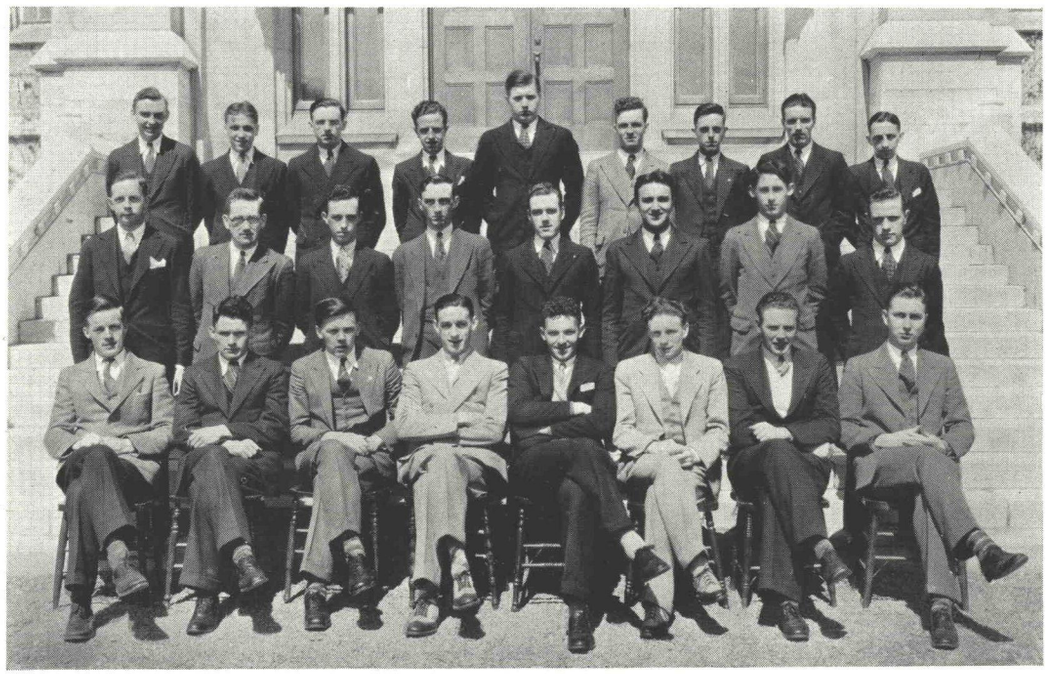
LOYOLA NEWS STAFF

V. Jones, R. Altimas, W. Daly, W. McTeague, Rev. Elliott MacGuigan, S.J., *Moderator*, A. Casgrain, A. Sesia, *Editor*, W. Griffn, F. Fleury, W. Stewart, B. Fahey, J. McLaughlin. *Absent:* Herbert Clough.



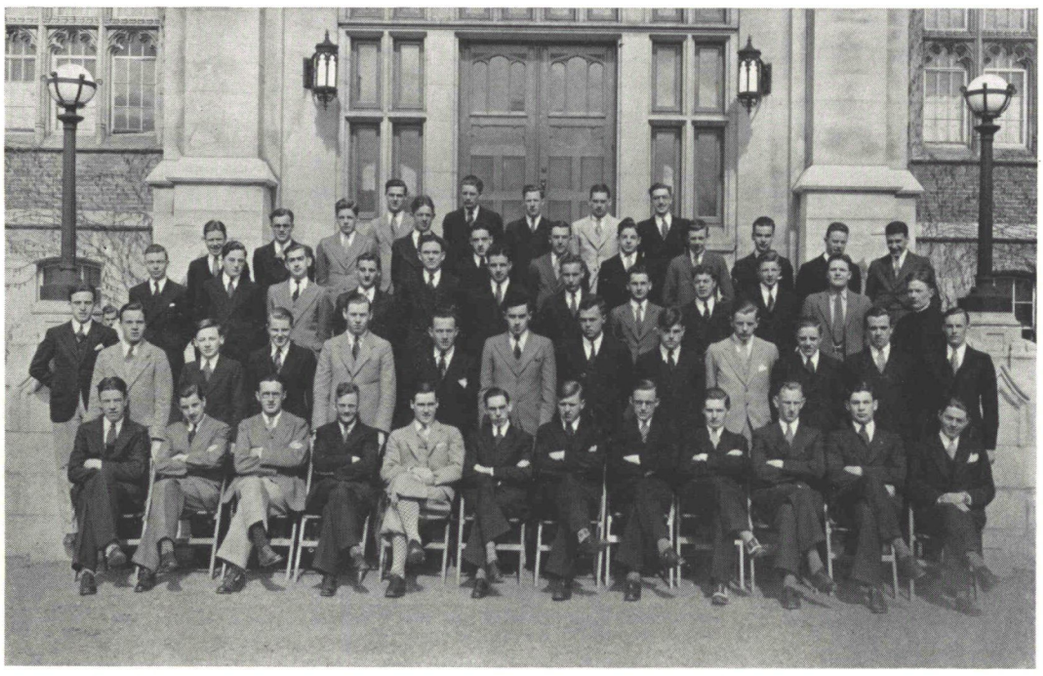
JUNIOR

Back Row: J. Catudal, E. Gohier, E. Gough, G. Bailey, J. Newman
Middle Row: G. Burman, J. Darche, J. Gallagher, W. McTeague, E. Levesque, F. Fleury, J. Demitre, G. Amyot, J. Bulger, J. Anglin
Front Row: A. Phelan, C. Cuddihy, L. Shaughnessy, Mr. Downing, R. King, B. Bourgeois, J. Hawke, W. Kennedy



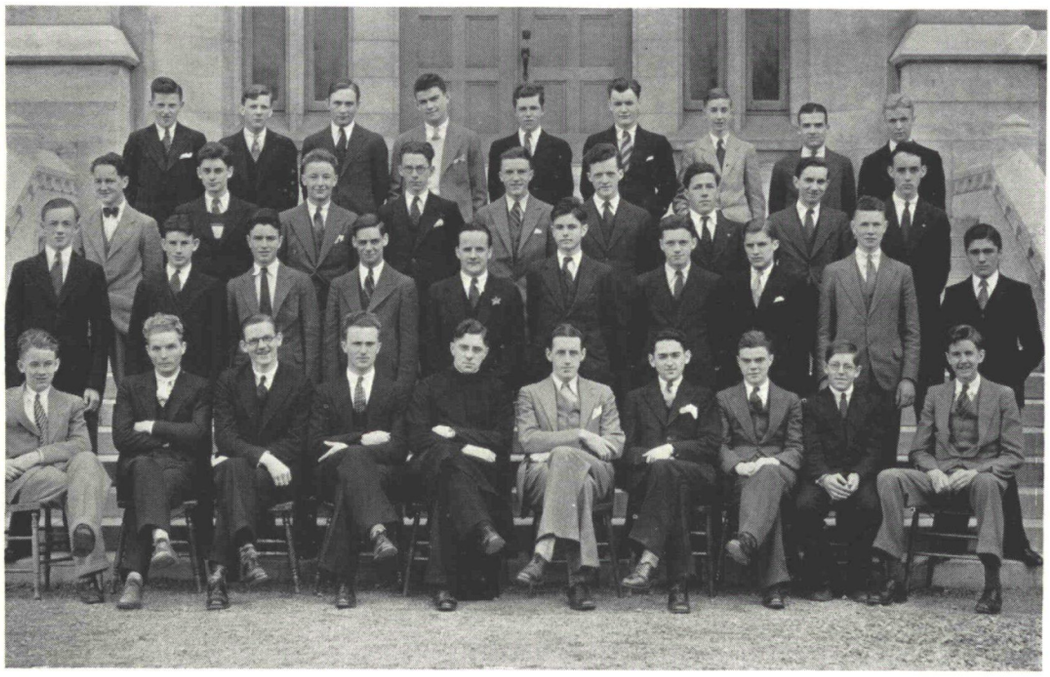
SOPHOMORE

Back Row: E. Shea, R. Devlin, P. Ambrose, J. Pilozzi, P. Grothe, R. Curran, D. Griffin, A. Thomas, J. Murphy.
Middle Row: A. Keyes,R. Altimas, J. Prefontaine, F. Hammill, T. Sherry, M. Brabant, R. O'Connell, M. Kelly.
Seated: G. Collins, G. McGinnis, E. Kierans, R. Stanford, R. Shaughnessy, G. Aubut, M. O'Brien, F. St. Cyr.



FRESHMAN

Back Row: J. Regnier, H. Fitzgibbon, J. MacDonald, J. Eglin, J. Schwartz.
Fourth Row: J. Heffernan, A. Stedman, C. Haynes, H. Tracey, G. Teasdale, N. Hogan, F. Kane, P. Doyle, R. Routh M. D. Dubee, E. Walters.
Third Row: J. Langlois, G. Joron, R. Bussière, C. Hinphy, G. Walsh, A. King, P. Hinphy, A. Clement, A. Cuccioletta, A. Casgrain, P. Snell, Rev. Bernard Lonergan, S.J.
Second Row: D. Tobin, C. Beauvais, H. Kierans, J. McDonnell, R. Lannegrace, E. Fitzgerald, M. Barsalou, B. MacDonald, W. Riley, W. Normand, B. Fahey, M. Conway.
First Row: J. Toppings, E. Penny, L. McKenna, T. McNamara, J. McLaughlin, J. Danaher, P. Koculym, B. McLellan, J. Savor, H. Estrada, W. Stewart.



FOURTH HIGH

Back Row: J. MacDonald, P. Gilmore, B. Hammond, P. Sweeney, M. Cronin, E. Coughlin, E. Hankey, R. Rinlonas, F. Conway.
Third Row: D. Whiteside, E. Estrada, J. Hart, J. Yeatman, J. Brown, C. MacDonald, A. Burman, C. Kiely, B. Cullity.
Second Row: F. Costello, P. Dussault, L. McKeown, V. Jones, G. Melvin, M. Vallance, W. Walsh, A. Courtemanche, N. Thomas, T. Demitre.
Front Row: J. Rinahan, H. Trihey, H. MacDonald, J. Bourke, Rev. Elliott MacGuigan, S.J., W. Morley, W. Griffin, F. Quelch, D. McCoy, C. Bronstetter.



THIRD HIGH "A"

Back Row: L. Kucharski, K. Guilboard, C. Kane, J. Barry, C. Pare, J. O'Brien, W. McNally, A. Fahey, A. Sullivan A. McNaughton. (*Inset*) R. Hermansen.

Middle Row: P. McAsey, G. Kelley, J. Corr, E. Tyler, P. Griffin, S. Clarke, A. Cody, E. Gareau, R. Boyce, A. Burns.

Front Row: J. Porteous, A. Royer, R. Clarke, T. Dillon, *President*, Rev. F. Breslin, S.J., B. Murphy, *Vice-President*, G. Stambach, *Secretary*, H. Shaw, P. Reid.



THIRD HIGH "B"

Back Row: W. Holland, F. Hollingworth, F. Pytlik, R. McKeown, M. Savage, J. Wrinn, J. Badger, J. Baudouin, G. Gilbert.

Middle Row: C. Corkery, J. Labelle, P. Hudson, G. Ward, J. Royer, G. Johnson, S. Clooney, E. McAsey, J. Grothe.

Seated: W. Murphy, L. Whitlaw, H. McKinly, J. Madigan, Mr. Richards, G. Joly, E. Kennedy, S. Hutcheson, P. Dagnall.

Such was John Galsworthy, the novelist and man. As novelist, he is certainly one of the finest of our time, and one who should still further prove himself. As man, he has expressed sentiments that reveal the truly great, the friend of all, the teacher of a generation. Just as he was a finely talented Englishman, so is John Galsworthy, by his labour a universal possession to be sought and carefully studied. The number of men that determine an age is very small, but with the passing of John Galsworthy we realize that this generation has been favoured with a gift, the value of which no other has yet had the privilege to enjoy; but, as I feel certain, it will be the lasting privilege of the future to read, admire, and respect, John Galsworthy.

HUGH KIERANS, '36.

Bereavement

"A star is just a star," they said,
"The skies would twinkle were its light to close;
One cannot have a flower-bed
With just a rose.

The full life knows the bleakest of despair
Through gust and tempest's might,
And feels the grey dawn's air
After sleepless night.

Other hearts shall come to cheer your heart,
And you shall smile again before you die."
I murmured softly to their sorry art
And passed them by.

ELMER SHEA, '35

Obituary

Lt. Col. G. Simms

THE death of Colonel Simms, the assistant Bursar, occurred unexpectedly on New Year's eve and damped the holiday spirit of all connected with Loyola. During the autumn it had been noticed that he was not so regular as he had been in his daily walks but this was put down to a passing indisposition. Accordingly, no one suspected when he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital shortly after Christmas that a complete collapse was imminent.

Born in Worcester, England, in 1872, Col. Simms was the son of the late George A. Simms of that city. He came to Canada early in life, but later joined the Imperial Army and was stationed for some years in Malta. He served in two Egyptian campaigns and in the Boer war, winning the Queen's Medal with two clasps. At the outbreak of the Great War he held the rank of captain, but before his return from overseas he had been made a lieutenant-colonel. He was appointed assistant bursar at Loyola four years ago and was a member of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

His funeral, which took place on Wednesday, the fourth of January, in Halifax where Col. Simms spent the summers with his family, was marked by many impressive proofs of the esteem in which the dead officer was held. He was accorded full military honours by the members of his former unit, the R.C.A.S.C., and the casket was borne to Mount Olivet Cemetery on a gun carriage with a Union Jack flung across it. To his bereaved family Loyola expresses its sincerest condolences.

R. I. P.

* * *

Reverend William A. McTague, S.J.

Father William McTague had been ordained priest but three years when he died on Tuesday afternoon May 17th, at the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, Windsor, Ont. Last January, in the course of his first year of work after the long studies of members of the Society of Jesus, he suffered an attack of influenza which later developed into mastoiditis. After an operation for this at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Ont., he appeared to recover and was able to pronounce his final vows as a religious on the feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady. However, while he was convalescing at Windsor, meningitis supervened and within two days he died without recovering consciousness.

Father McTague was born at Guelph in 1899 and entered the Jesuit Novitiate in 1916. Because of his special aptitude for classics, he was given an extra year study at St. Andrews'-on-the-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., and then appointed Greek master at the Novitiate. His course of philosophy followed at the Immaculate Conception, Montreal; towards the end of the second year, his health failed and he did his third year at Mount St. Michael's College, Spokane. Here, after an operation for tonsilitis, heart trouble manifested itself and, though at the time it was thought it might be fatal, it later ameliorated. Henceforth however, Father McTague suffered that most trying form of ill-health that neither in-

capacitates one nor permits a full and free exercise of one's powers. Any great effort or concentration would result in an exceptionally rapid pulse, exhaust his energy, and cause insomnia. It was under these trying circumstances that he taught III High at Loyola in the year 1926-27, made his theological studies at Woodstock, Md., 1927-31, and went through his year of tertianship at St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, North Wales. He had just returned to his former work of teaching classics at Guelph when his fatal illness occurred.

By his marked ability, his energetic though retiring disposition, and his habits of accuracy and thoroughness, Father McTague was particularly suited to the life of a student. However, there is a suggestion of pallor in the word "student" and, to avoid such a false impression, it is well to add that his energy was of the type that could readily explode. His pupils never found in him any ground for suspecting that books were for the less vigorous members of the human family. On the contrary, his character was definitely strong and this, coupled with his great capacity for taking pains, made him a teacher who could be exacting without failing to command respect or to excite interest. Similarly, his utter aversion to all that was half-hearted was, so it seemed to his friends, what constituted the most grievous trial when ill-health would oblige him to take his work and recreation in gingerly fashion. It is hard for the Canadian Jesuits to lose a member of such undoubted promise, and it is harder still for those who had in him a staunch and loyal friend to realise he can be with them no more. Yet his life which he dedicated fully and irrevocably to God lies in deep harmony and firm consistency with our present, confident prayer. *Requiescat in pace.*

Pilot Robert V. Rolph

PILOT Officer Robert Vincent Rolph R.A.F. (Loyola ex-'33) was instantly killed on Tuesday February 28th at Tangmere, Sussex, England, in an aeroplane collision. He was piloting a Hawker "Fury", one of Britain's fastest fighting aircraft, and ran into a similar machine piloted by Pilot Officer Campbell McMullen who was only slightly injured.

Although Bob's stay at Loyola was limited to his High School years, he was known throughout the College and High School as an ardent aviation enthusiast, a good athlete and a thoroughgoing, hard-working student. Quiet and unassuming, he never imposed his presence upon anyone—a quality which won for him the respect and goodwill of his former associates and friends. After leaving Fourth High in 1929, Bob spent a few months in Montreal learning to fly at the Montreal Light Aeroplane Club, and then left for Camp Borden to join the Royal Canadian Force. At Camp Borden he showed such promise that the authorities sent him to the Royal Air Force College at Cramwell, England, where he assumed the rank of Flight Cadet Under-Officer. On his graduation from the R. A. F. College he was presented with the Sword of Honour, awarded each year to the best all-round cadet in the Senior term, by Air Vice-Marshall R. R. Clark-Hall, Air Officer Commanding Coastal Area, this being the first time that the honour had ever been conferred upon a Canadian. Bob spent his Christmas holidays in Canada with his parents, and upon his return to England was assigned to the 43rd Squadron, R.A.F., with the rank of Pilot Officer.

To the bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold V. Rolph of Lachine, P.Q., the *Review* extends it sincerest condolences.



DEBATES

THAT excellent exercise, debating, which brings into play all the harmoniously developing faculties one may read about in the prospectus, flourished during the past year. One might be inclined to attribute this efflorescence to the fact that at present people seem to take seriously political and ethical questions which, in the earlier and more naive period of the machine age, were damned as merely academic. But, however that may be, there is a simpler and therefore more credible explanation: it accounts for the increase in interest by the increase in public or semi-public debates. For the greater the stimulus to prepare a debate, the greater the likelihood of something being said or being well said. As intramural hockey—to use a homely simile—though an enjoyable spectacle is not quite an exhibition of skill, so the debates inside a debating society have their brilliant moments but more commonly suffer from the gravitational force of human inertia. Not that we impugn the good old routine which has turned out many fine debaters in the past and remains a necessary training ground; we only observe that to get the best, to raise ordinary mortals to the level of sustained effort, it is advisable to set the stage. During the past year the stage was frequently set and the results were excellent.

The Inter-University Debating League gave us two double events, considerable information about Manchuria, and a silver trophy. In the physics laboratory, on the seventeenth of February, Messrs. William McTeague and Frank Fleury of Junior Year, debating against Messrs. Harold McLean and Philip Struchen of Queen's University, persuaded the three judges that Japan's activities in Manchuria were to be approved. Simultaneously at Lennoxville, Messrs. William Daly and Eric Kierans of Senior and Sophomore years respectively convinced the judges there of the contrary. This double unanimous victory entitled us to what had frequently been in the past the honour of being defeated by the law school at Osgoode Hall. *Aliter dis visum.* On the second day of March the affirmative team won unanimously at Toronto while the negative team, this time remaining at home, secured the votes of two of the three judges. Needless to remark, all connected with Loyola were elated over the achievement, particularly since we had won the previous year yet had lost by graduation the four successful debaters. To find four more, effectively of equal standing, seemed evidence of something in the atmosphere or our blood. The trophy, which arrived somewhat later and should have arrived a year ago, stands

in one of the parlours to testify to visitors the pride we feel in the team.

The resolution in these four debates was, That this house approves Japan's activities in Manchuria. As the event showed, there was more than enough to be said on both sides of the question. The affirmative argued the reality of Japan's grievances and the necessity of strong measures of redress. Quietly and conconvincingly, Messrs. McTeague and Fleury cited treaties and guarantees, outlined the extent and magnitude of Japan's interests in Manchuria, indicated the tergiversations of Chinese policy and, finally, depicted the break-down of law and order amidst the prevalence of banditry in Chinese territory. The negative speakers adopted the high stand of the inviolability of the moral law. With admirable lucidity Mr. Daly stated the principle of double effect and then proceeded to apply it to the case in hand. The evil of the war in its many ramifications was not counterbalanced by the vindication of what Japanese rights were at stake. The necessity of the war as it was being conducted, could not be maintained. Mr. Kierans carried on this argument and showed himself ready to meet the adversaries on any point on which it was assailed. As an instance of this may be mentioned his rich store of detailed information to prove that the Chinese boycott of Japaness goods was not an offensive but a defensive and retaliatory measure.

The senior division of the Montreal Debating League also gave us four debates. Of these we were successful in two. F. Fleury and R. Altimas lost to McGill on the Manchurian question. W. McTeague and E. Kierans defeated the Ciceronians on the cancellation of war debts. G. McGinnis and R. Stanford successfully defended Technocracy against the Y.M.H.A. R. Shaughnessy and F. St. Cyr lost to McGill in a discussion of the merits of democracy. A few reflections on these debates may not be out of place. As things are arranged at present, our great need is for men ready to discuss questions at short notice. For instance, the resolution for the last debate was settled upon only five days—not holidays, incidentally—before the event. In students, struggling with Demosthenes in the hope of attaining culture, it is somewhat rash to presuppose any great familiarity with the problems of modern democracy. To anyone, five days are a meagre allowance for the work of going over the ground, deciding upon a course of argument, ascertaining questions of fact, forecasting the adversary's position, and paying some attention to the matter of presentation. But combine these two difficulties and one comes close to the preposterous. Until, then, the Montreal Debating League may be persuaded to make some regulation that will eliminate the "law's delays" in fixing questions for debate, there is an added reason why the maximum number of students should ambition mastery of elocution and facility of expression. Adverse circumstances bring out the best that is in one; we trust that this adversity will not be too discouraging.

Towards the end of the second semester a debating tournament was held on two successive Mondays. Each of the four college years was represented by an affirmative and a negative team. The resolution read: The advance of science has furthered human happiness. The classes were represented as follows: Senior: Ross Ryan and Vincent Walsh; John McIlhone and Jean Girard; Junior: Cyril Cuddihy and Arthur Phelan, George Burman and James Bulger; Sophomore: Leonard Bourke and Gerald Aubut, Patrick Ambrose and Elmer Shea; Freshman: Hugh Kierans and William Stewart, M. D. Dubee and Brendan Fahey. In the first round Senior defeated Junior, and Freshman by a narrow margin defeated Sophomore. In the final Freshman lost to Senior by a single vote. The experiment of inter-

class debates was generally considered very successful; even the regulation that debarred all who had previously taken part in public debates did not result in any lapse in serious effort.

A research-worker, whose specialty is back numbers of this eminent publication, informs us that a dozen years ago the debating event of the year was the High School public debate. We are pleased to record that the High School has again come into its own. Last autumn the Montreal Debating League extended its excellent activity by forming a Junior Division; this organization supplied the needed impetus and to it we owe a considerable debt of gratitude. Represented in the Junior Division were Burgoyne Spoke Club, Catholic High School, Loyola High School, Neighborhood House, and Southwestern Y.M.C.A.

The first season, though highly successful, was none the less a first season. On one occasion a debating team arrived prepared to uphold the same side of the resolution as were our men. On another, our expected guests telephoned that they were defaulting half an hour before the event; fortunately the parents and friends who had been invited to attend were kept away by the inclemency of the weather. Four debates were held. The private ownership of Broadcasting stations was discussed with Catholic High School; the League of Nations with Burgoyne Spoke Club; war debts with Neighbourhood House; capitalism and then democracy in two mythical encounters with Southwestern Y.M.C.A. In these Loyola High was represented by Frank Quelch and Harry Trihey, Joseph Hart and Walter Morley, Edward McAsey and Hugh Macdonald, Marcus Cronin and Eugene Hankey. With nine points out of a possible twelve to their credit the High School met in a final against Catholic High which had the next highest number of points. The resolution was that the advantages of the machine age outweighed the disadvantages. As befitted a classical institution, Loyola upheld the negative, and its speakers, Harry Trihey and Joseph Hart, acquitted themselves so admirably that they won the unanimous decision of the judges.

In closing it is imperative that we express our thanks to the gentlemen of the city who so kindly consented to act as judges or chairmen in these numerous debates.

THE SECRETARIATE OF THE DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Interlude

IN between the sheets I crawl,
Crisp as a leaf about to fall;

The wind is high with a mighty stride,
And it blows cold, but that's outside;

My room is small and warm and snug
As the earthy home that a mole has dug;

Today was a day with a peaceful flow,
The hours slipt down like flakes of snow;

And now it's night and I'm off to bed
With my work all done and prayers all said.

ELMER SHEA, '35



MILITARY

C.O.T.C.

IT was decided last autumn to move the Corps' H. Q. and Stores to the Junior Building where the former High School Smoker stood, and there the Stores, Orderly Room and Officers' Mess were installed. The latter has supplied the long-wanted need of a clubroom and meeting place for the officers of the Corps. Meetings were held every Sunday morning throughout the year to discuss the business and syllabus of the coming week. A Mess Committee was formed to look after the needs of the Mess and the appointments were as follows: President: Lieut. A. T. Sesia; Vice-President: Lieut. J. K. Laflamme; Secretary: Lieut. V. O. Walsh.

Training was carried on along slightly different lines this year and particular stress has been laid upon Section Training, Section Leading and Musketry, in accordance with instructions received from Divisional H. Q.

The Mess Dinners held throughout the training period last year were continued this year, and many suggestions of benefit to the Corps were received and followed out accordingly. As in the past, Loyola's quota of successful Certificate "A" candidates has been a high percentage of those who wrote the papers, only one man being unsuccessful. At the close of the training season 1931-32, two officers of the Corps, Lieuts. J. J. O'Brien and A. T. Sesia were sent to the Canadian Small Arms School at South March, Ont., to qualify in "A" Wing (Musketry) and "B" Wing (Machine Gun) respectively. Lieut. A. G. Phelan (XI Hussars, attached Loyola C.O.T.C.) qualified in French in the Foreign Languages Examinations.

The Inspection was held on the night of April 28th in the Stadium, where Brigadier W. W. P. Gibsone, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., District Officer Commanding M.D. No. 4, inspected the Corps in the presence of a large group of spectators made up chiefly of the parents and friends of the members of the Unit. Demonstrations were given in Platoon Drill, Company Drill, Arm Drill, Section Leading and Musketry, all of which was carried to the satisfaction of the Inspecting Officer. The annual competition for the smartest cadet on parade carried money prizes and Corp. Alex. Casgrain (No. 3 Platoon) and Sgt. Ronald Stanford (No. 4 Platoon) won first and second places respectively. The McCrory Shield, awarded annually to the most efficient platoon of the Continent, was

won by No. 4 Platoon (Freshman) commanded by Lieut. A. T. Sesia, with Sgt. Ronald Stanford second-in-command.

CADETS

It gives us the greatest pleasure to record the recent promotion of Major John Long who, for over a generation has been connected with Loyola in an official capacity, to the colonelcy. Loyola rejoices with Montreal in the esteem with which Colonel Long is held by the Department of National Defence.

LIEUT. A. T. SESIA

On the First Breath of Spring

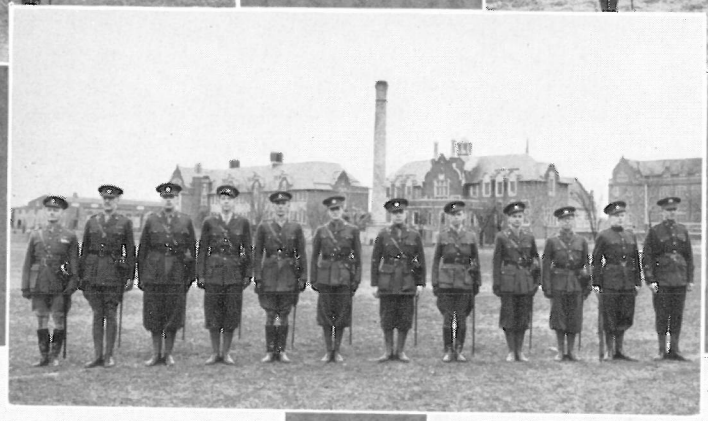
AND it is spring again:
Everywhere
That strange, full kindness
Is in the air
Which we call spring.
It will bring
Mellow rain
And ripe, new sunshine;
It will sing
A soft, sweet song,
And run along
Its fleeting way.
It will be
Summer then—
But now it's spring
The live-long day.

ELMER SHEA, '35

COTC

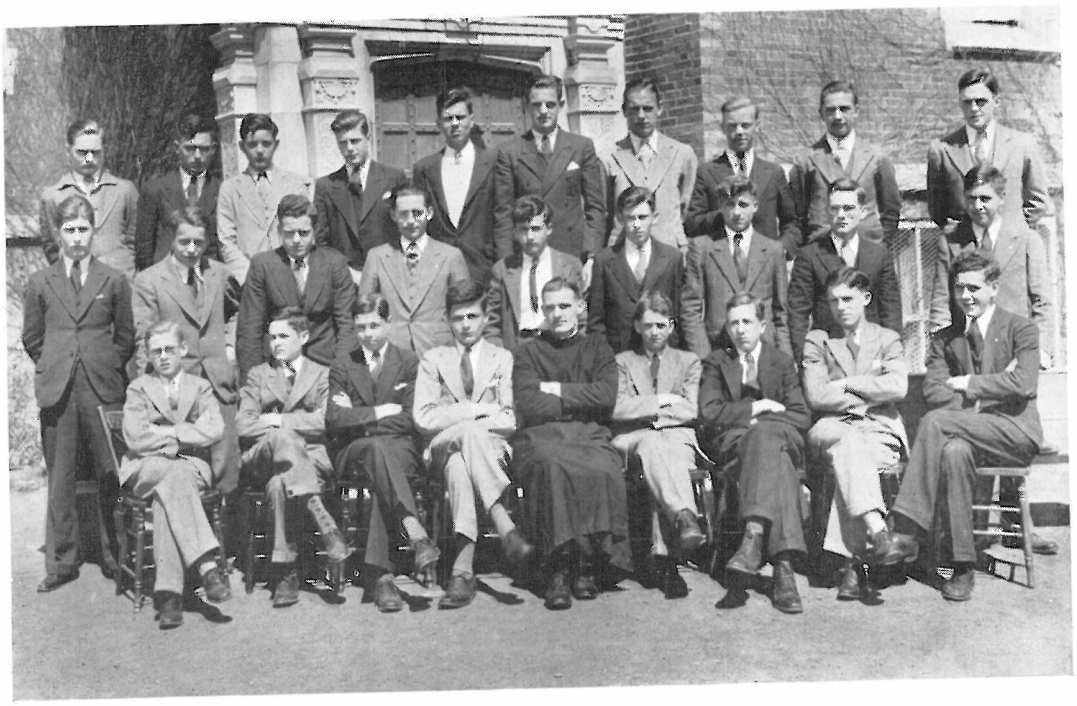










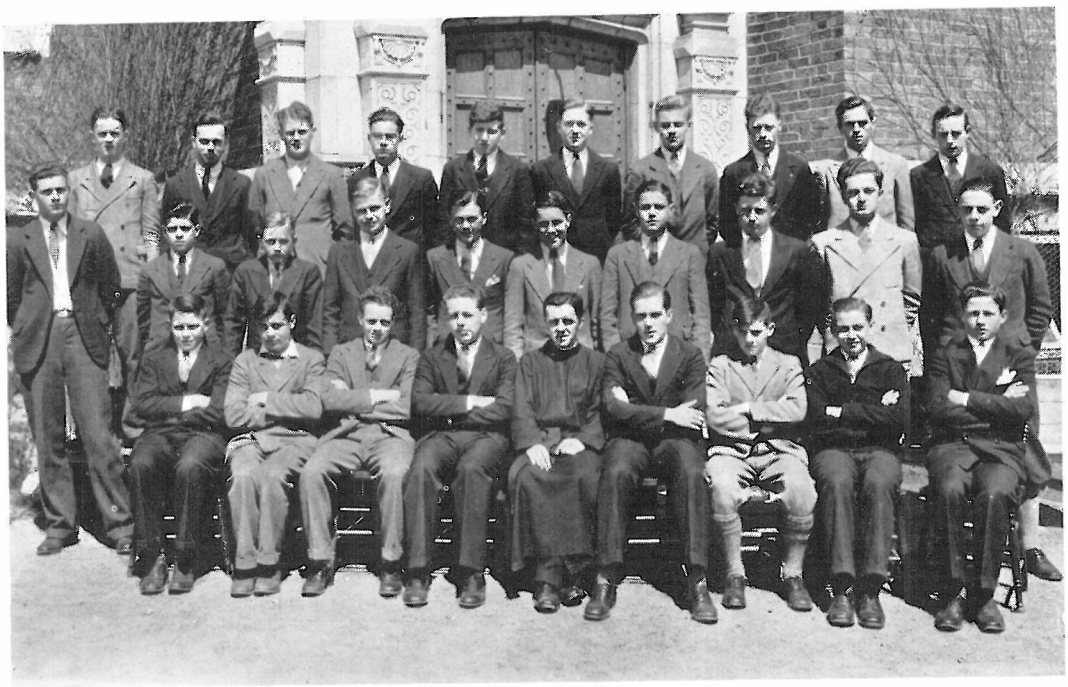


SECOND HIGH "A"

Back Row: P. Lanctot, J. Stewart, E. Casares, K. Forbes, H. Acheson, B. Macdonald, C. Weir, P. Cleary, P. Dobinas, L. Egan.

Middle Row: J. Hickey, W. Brent, F. Ryan, W. Bullock, L. Naranjo, W. Gaffney, F. Kuckarski, R. Beaubien, J. Carrington.

Front Row: F. Burns, V. Savage, B. Clarke, J. Morin, Rev. H. Bedford, S.J., D. Fahey, F. Connolly, M. Emery, D. O'Hagan.



SECOND HIGH "B"

Back Row: Right to left: J. McQuillan, C. Rowell, H. Street, E. Waud, P. Ward, V. Fitzgibbon, L. Lynch, E. Blaxall, G. Mahoney, C. McDonough.

Middle Row: J. Shaughnessy, F. Power, J. Heslop, A. Smith, D. Reynolds, R. Thomas, F. Long, H. McDougall, B. Valois, P. McAndrew.

Front Row: C. Sutton, D. Mahoney, E. Warren (*V.-Pres.*), A. Rolland (*Pres.*), Fr. Elliott, S.J., W. Clifford (*Sec.*), J. McCormick, G. Marriott, F. McCourt. *Absent:* J. Shea, E. Lange.

College Diary

Sept. *8th.* High School students return. Break dreariness of the occasion by watching first practice of College Football team.

Sept. *15th.* College Dept. opens. Red Carroll delivers first of long series of pep talks.

Sept. *20th.* Start of three day retreat. Father Bradley the preacher.

Sept. *28th.* First C.O.T.C. parade called. Everything goes off well. Laurie Shaughnessy at football practice.

Oct. *1st.* Ray Shaughnessy injured for second time in two years at Bishops, as Loyola loses opener 7-1. On the bus (yes, we said bus) home, Gough cradles McTeague and Fleury to sleep, despite Daly's strident entreaties to Oswald.

Oct. *15th.* Loyola and McGill tie, 6-6.

Oct. *26th.* The team, despite officially unforseen difficulties, beats McGill 6-5 in thrilling finish. Freshman class receives lecture on College spirit.

Oct. *31st.* Officers' Mess opens. One student blacklisted for referring to it as a "loaf nest".

Nov. *5th.* Loyola wins heroic victory from Bishops. John McIlhone accomplishes a Frank Merriwell and a life-long ambition with his gigantic place-kick at two minutes to go.

Nov. *16th.* A certain physics professor predicts fair weather for next day. Receives sword of honour from four insurance companies.

Nov. *17th.* Football season ends when O.A.C. wins. Score: 18-0.

Nov. *20th.* Freshman postpones Frosh-Sophomore football game.

Nov. *24th.* Frosh again postpone Frosh-Sophomore game.

Nov. *27th.* Frosh for thirdtime postpone Frosh-Sophomore game. (Go on, you big bullies, you know we're only fooling.)

Dec. *8th.* College handed over to Sodality for one day.

Dec. *15th.* First Debate of Montreal Debating League. Japan's actions temporarily condoned.

Dec. *23rd.* Results of C.O.T.C. practical exams posted. Rest of school goes home a trifle bent, while Stanford and Kierans begin long celebration.

Jan. *7th.* All back. Tales of Lake Placid trip bandied about. Camel cigarettes everywhere in evidence. Ray Altimas loses voice.

Jan. *16th.* Juniors driven to point of insanity by ontology and nonchalant superiority of Seniors.

Jan. *18th.* Seniors emerge from Physics exam. In the words of a famous advertiser: "They're milder, and they taste better."

Jan. *29th.* Exams finished.

Feb. *4th.* Hockey Team beaten by St. Laurent, 4-3. Herbie Clough best man on the ice for Loyola.

Feb. *17th.* Debating Teams sweep votes of all six judges to overwhelm Bishops. Kierans and Daly return from Lennoxville reporting a very quiet time.

Feb. *28th.* Moderator publishes final intra-mural hockey standing. Result: 64 goals scored, 37 scored against. Percentage error: .00041. The bad effect of too many faneagled experiments, yes?

March *1st.* Lent. Jack O'Brien and Speed Laflamme cut down on their allowance of sugar.

March *2nd.* Loyola for second time in two years wins Dominion Championship. Thus showing the benefit of all these long Monday afternoons. Osgoode goes muttering off.

March *5th.* Fleury and McTeague arrive back from Toronto, complaining of a headache from the long train ride.

March *13th.* Sesia claims he found a four inch squid in a two inch dog-fish. You wouldn't squid us, mister?

March *24th.* First meeting of Scientific Society. Mr. Lonergan delivers lecture on Theory of Relativity. They say Newton was good, too.

April *2nd.* Opening of Chapel.

April *4th.* Big day at school with full turnout of Sophs at History, Trig and English.

April *12th.* Easter holidays arrive for rest of school while Seniors go into seclusion. Ernie Walters given rousing send-off.

April *17th.* High School wins Junior Montreal Debating League Championship, when Trihey and Hart defeat Catholic High.

April. *20th:* Seniors return from post-retreat vacation.

April *21st.* Last drill before inspection. Special invitations issued to attend.

May *1st.* Review goes to press. N.B. If there are any allusions in the above which you do not understand, see the authors. Office Hours: 9.00—9.15 A.M.

ELMER SHEA, '35.
RONALD STANFORD, '35.

Fool's Gold

JUNKER, go out and tell that blamed dog to quit his howlin'. He's been yappin' so much lately that it's getting on my nerves."

"O.K., Dad." The one addressed as Junker, a boy of seventeen, rose from the rough pine table and left the cabin. The howling of the dog ceased immediately, the boy came in again, and silently resumed his meal. He ate slowly, his eyes fixed on a point on the wall over his father's head: after a time he reached over and put a generous helping of sugar on his porridge.

The man looked up with a scowl. "We're not millionaires," he snapped, "and sugar costs plenty."

The boy looked at him queerly. The man dropped his eyes and muttered, "Sorry, son. Guess your old father is gettin' a bit cranky lately..... But who wouldn't?" he demanded savagely. "I'd like to see any man remain cheerful after he's been fooled into buying a no good claim. God knows I've worked the thing hard enough. There's about as much pay ore in that mess of rock as there is in a slab of granite. I sure wish I could get a hold of that feller that sold me this claim, I'd—"

"No use in gettin' all riled up, Dad. What's done is done, and we can't help it," the boy replied philosophically.

The man looked up. "Mebbe you're right, Junker, mebbe you're right. I guess I'm just unlucky. I remember your poor mother allus used to say that I was born under an unlucky star. Your mother was a wonderful woman, Junker," he said reflectively. "I remember the day she gave you that nickname. You was just a little tot then. You had come into our house down Stewart way with your arms loaded up with stuff, a bow and arrow (remember how you liked to play Indian), a rusty old sluice pan that you'd picked up somewhere, some pebbles and stones from the beach. Your face was dirty and your pants was tore. Your mother looked at you with your arms full of junk, and turned to me and said: 'Tim, let's call him Junker. I think it suits him.' And then she laughed. Your mother had a beautiful laugh, son, all silvery and clear, like church bells ringin'."

The boy said nothing but kept eating his food, his jaws moving as measuredly as a pendulum. Constant living with men from an early age, and continual wandering from one mining camp to another at the whim and fortune of his father, had made him silent and serious beyond his years.

Tim Wagner was frowning again. "Day-dreamin' about your mother isn't going to get us out of this mess, though," he reflected.

The boy looked up. "You never can tell what'll happen. Might strike a good vein tomorrow, or the next day. And then we'd be fixed."

"Nope, I'm afraid there's not much chance of that, son. The thing's just natcherly played out." So saying, he rose, picked up his tin cup and plate, and disappeared through the door. Going around to the back of the cabin, he washed them in the cold water of a small creek, using the fine white sand from the bottom as a cleanser. He returned, and as he was putting the room in order after the meal, said to his son: "Junker, there's another thing I haven't told you. I owe Jud Myers close to eighty dollars for stuff I've

bought from his store in the last six months. Jud's a friend of mine but he'll be asking for his money soon." Tim Wagner smiled crookedly. "Doesn't look like there's much chance of you going to mining school next year, does there, Junker?"

"I wish you'd stop worrying, Dad. Can't gain nothing from that. Let's get outside and forget our troubles ..... Sure looks like a swell day."

"Yes, 'tis," his father said absently. "I guess you'd better go into town this morning. Here's a dollar. Get a bag of flour, a new sluice pan—Myers oughta trust you for that—and see if there's any mail."

The boy took the money, called the dog, and swung off down the trail.

* * *

His father, carrying his tools on his shoulder, disappeared into the tunnel mouth, a stone's throw from the cabin. It had taken him three months of back-breaking and sometimes dangerous toil to drive that tunnel: it now pierced the side of the mountain for fully ninety feet. It was not timbered and it needed none: for the rock above and on either side was hard and firm. Tim Wagner had made that tunnel as safe as a baby's nursery: for he was an old hand at prospecting and could place his powder with the best of them. But now he was forced to admit that the project had him beaten. He had expended much time and money on the claim over a period of many months, and he had nothing to show for it: indeed, from the start he had scarcely mined enough to pay for food. Continual discouragements had forced him to the decision that he would continue work only for another day.

Today he worked energetically and even viciously, determined, as it were, to have one last go at the cold, barren rock around him. Along towards noon his tireless pick uncovered a meagre little vein, scarcely four inches wide, the ore itself only of average value. Although he knew that, deducting the costs of shipping and treatment at the mill, it would only bring a few scant dollars, yet even that was acceptable to him in his present straitened circumstances. Accordingly he broke off a chunk, and, following the vein into the rock for a few inches, broke off another. These he took to the cabin, resolving to let Junker take them to the assayer in the morning. Going back into the tunnel, he vigorously resumed his work, determined to uncover as much of the new vein as possible that day. He had been working only a short time when he heard shouts of what he supposed was glee, muffled to indistinctness by the twisting tunnel in which he worked. He walked quickly out and, blinking in the bright sunshine, almost bumped into his son. Junker, panting for lack of breath, held in his hand a piece of rock and his voice was hoarse from shouting.

"Dad! Look! Look what I found over at Smith's Creek! It's gold! I just found it by accident. Oh boy! " He thrust the rock into his father's hand as he spoke. Tim Wagner glanced at it and then looked back at his son.

"Where did you get this, Junker?" he said. "You didn't just pick it up off the ground."

"Oh no, Dad," the boy answered breathlessly. "I was going along the bank of the creek and I stopped to rest for a minute. I was leaning on a boulder, like this" — he demonstrated — "restin', when suddenly, *swish*, and the boulder overbalanced. It rolled down into a little gully, not into the creek, smashed into a low bank of rock, and knocked off a big slice of rocks like these. There was gold in it, so I broke off a hunk and brought it home. Look, Dad, there's the gold." His excited forefinger pointed out a group of little glistening specks on the surface of the rock.

His father said nothing, but, taking out a large jacknife, selected a blade

and, with a boring motion, twirled it into the rock. Little particles flew out as he twisted the blade into a group of the shining little specks. Pocketing the knife, he handed the rock back to his son: then the old prospector, with a slow smile, said:

"You got fooled, Junker. That's not gold. Them little specks is iron pyrites. Not worth a nickle a ton. I guess that's what you'd call 'fool's gold'. If that was real gold my knife wouldn't crumble it all up like it did. Real gold is soft, not brittle."

Under the amused glance of his father, the boy's face crimsoned. "Never mind, son," said his father. "Better men than you have been fooled by the same thing. So don't feel that you're unusually dumb. Always remember that test with the knife. You've got a knife, Junker?"

"Yep, but I didn't know that test."

"Well, you know it now. Always carry a knife and the next time you won't get fooled."

"Sure, Dad. It won't happen again. Here's the mail—just one letter. It's for me from Uncle Bill. I read it coming up from town." He handed the letter to his father. It read:

Dear Bob,

Your old uncle is getting pretty lonesome these days. If Tim can spare you, pack up a grip, come down to Stewart, and visit with me for a week or so. If not, write me.

Yours in the pawn-shop,

Uncle Bill.

Tim, surveying the letter's salutation, chuckled. "Old Bill sounds as spry as he ever was."

"Can I go, Dad?"

"Sure thing, son. I can get along without you easy enough. Bill will be glad to see you."

"And I'll be glad to see him. He's swell. I sure like to hear him tell those stories of his Klondike days."

His father laughed. "But don't let him spoof you too much. He's apt to now and then. Your Uncle Bill has seen many a gold rush, but sometimes he let's his imagination run away with himself."

"Don't worry, Dad," Bob grinned. I'll stop him when he starts one of those did-I-tell-you-of-the-time-when-I-beat-up-ten-men-single-handed-in-a-saloon-and-emerged-without-a-scratch stories."

"Alright, son." Taking out a heavy gold watch, he snapped open the case, and said: "It's one o'clock now. You'd better start packing. There's a mail steamer leaving for Stewart at three o'clock. You'll find a little canvas sack in my bunk. Take it down—"

The boy interrupted. "Did you find anything good?"

"No. Just a measley little vein that'll probably pinch out in a few more feet. But it'll bring something..... As I was saying, take the sack down to the assayer's and tell him to send me back a report by the first fellow that comes this way. Now go and pack."

Junker went into the cabin, reappearing in a shortime with a suitcase.

"Got the ore, Junker?"

"Yes, it's in the grip."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dad."

A firm handclasp and he was gone down the trail, the dog, Poncho, tied to his kennel, howling mournfully.

* * *

Five days later, Tim Wagner was prowling around the camp, his right hand bandaged and in a sling. He scowled at the dog, at the black face of his tunnel, at the blue sky above. He was not in very good spirits. The day his son had left, while at work in the tunnel, a rock had fallen on his hand, badly crushing three fingers. This forced inactivity, his first in a long career, irked him considerably, especially since he had not finished taking out the ore from the new vein.

He jerked his head up suddenly as he heard the *klippity-klop* of a horse's hoofs coming up the trail. In a moment a lone horseman rode into the clearing.

"Hi, Tim."

"Hlo, Jack."

"How are things pannin' out with you these days?"

"I can't complain."

"I see you hurt your hand. Tough luck, eh?"

"Yep, sure is. What've you got for me?"

"Two letters and a post card. The postcard from Stewart, a letter from town that looks like an assay report, and a letter from Jud Meyers. Here y'are." He handed them down. "So long, Tim."

"G'bye."

The messenger wheeled his horse and trotted away. Tim Wagner looked at the letters. The first was very brief: "Will be home day after tomorrow. Bob." Looking at the postmark, Tim saw that that would be today.

The second was also brief and to the point: "I have already waited long enough for my money. I will be up to your place this afternoon. Either have my money for me, or I seize your property. I am bringing the sheriff. Jud Myers." On reading this the man's face paled. He muttered: "Never thought 'twould come to this."

He opened the third letter, the assay report, hoping against hope that it would bring better news than he expected. It did not:

ASSAY CERTIFICATE

of two samples of ORE received from Timothy E. Wagner

	Gold ounces per ton	Value per ton	Silver ounces per ton	Value per ton
"LARGE".....	trace		8.20	$2.87
"SMALL".....	.50	$10.00	89.	$31.15
Gold @ $20. oz.				
Silv. @ .35 oz.				

M. R. Dawson & Company Limited.

He fished out a stub of a pencil and figured the report out on the back of its envelope. "Let's see now. That large sample was just from the face of that vein. Couldn't expect much from it. The small one ..... 10 dollars in gold and 30 in silver. That'll be 40 dollars all told. And the cost of shipping and treating about 20 dollars. And from the look of that vein it won't last long. Probably only get a ton of ore out of it. But beggars can't be choosers, and I need the money bad. If I had a good hand, I could be gettin' that ore out right now, and may be stave off Myers for another week. Darn the luck."

Muttering in this fashion, he pottered around the camp, a sorry figure, pondering the fortunes of fate by which his son was away just when he needed him most.

* * *

About four o'clock the sheriff and Jud Myers arrived. They were accompanied by two big burly individuals, obviously hired for the purpose, riding in the wagon which was to carry away the effects they had come to seize. Myers walked around the camp, surveying Wagner's tools and other possessions with an eye critical to their yield in dollars and cents. The sheriff, a big jovial man, walking up to Wagner, clapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Too bad, Tim. I wish to God that I didn't have to do this job. But you won't hold nuthin' against me for it, will you, Tim?"

"Of course not, Tom. I know you're a real friend. Can't be helped. You got to do your duty."

Then Myers came over and demanded loudly: "Well, Wagner. You got the money?"

Wagner looked at him coldly. "You know I haven't got any money, Myers."

"Alright,.....if you can't pay I'll have to seize. That's the law isn't it, sheriff?"

The sheriff nodded slowly. "Yes, that's the law," he admitted.

Then Wagner broke out in impassioned appeal: "Myers, can't you have patience a little longer? Haven't you got any mercy? I've struck a vein in there." —he pointed to the mouth of the tunnel——" It's not big, but I'll get about 20 dollars out of it. And I'll give it to you right away. Every bit of it. You'll get your dirty money if I have to work my fingers to the bone to get it. My God, Myers! I didn't think you'd ever treat me like this. You don't remember, do you, that I was the one who grub-staked you to that store of yours? Have you forgotten that? And have you forgotten that you didn't pay me back for three years, and that I didn't bother you once for the money? You've either got a mighty poor memory or you're just an ungrateful Shylock..... I've got plenty of friends in these mountains but you're the first one that ever went back on me. Coming up here like a..... Why, I....."

Carried away by his anger, the old man stepped forward a pace, his fist raised to strike. Myers stepped back hastily, almost cringing.

A piercing whistle, repeated thrice, broke the stillness. "It's my son, Bob, coming home," explained Wagner quietly, as if the sound of that whistle had knocked all the fight out of him. Turning to the sheriff, he said: "I wish that he wasn't here to see this, Tom."

Myers broke in, recovered from his former fear, his blustering self again: "This snivellin' sentiment won't get you anywhere, Wagner. The law is the law. You pay the bill or—"

"Shut up," said the sheriff, roused out of his official calm.

The old man had been gazing down the trail, and now his son Bob came into view. At the sight of his father, he broke into a run, shouting unintelligible greetings. He burst into the group of men and, grinning from ear to ear, went up to his father. "You got my letter alright, Dad? You've staked the claim? Dad, you may have been born under an unlucky star, but I certainly wasn't. We'd better not tell anyone about it. The town would go wild."

"What are you talking about, Junker?" his father said.

For the first time the boy seemed to see the serious faces of those about him. "Hello, sheriff," he said. "Hello, Mr. Myers.

No one said anything. They were all staring almost open-mouthed at this talk of letters, claims, and people that "would go wild".

Junker finally said with a puzzled air: "What's all the commotion about, sheriff? You look like you were at a funeral."

The sheriff roused himself, started to speak, and was interrupted by Tim Wagner. "Jud Myers is seizing our stuff, son, 'cause I didn't pay his bill. The sheriff is just here to officiate."

"Oh, so that's it." Bob walked over to Myers, looked at him like one would at a museum piece, curiously, and briefly indicated with his thumb the two men sitting on the wagon, both vacantly chewing tobacco. "What," he said, "are they here for?"

"Why, they're—they're the ones that are going to move your effects."

"Oh they are, are they?" He fixed him with a baleful glance. "Tell those assistants of yours that you won't need 'em."

Urged on by the hint of hidden knowledge in the boy's tones, Myers obeyed with alacrity. The men departed leisurely. Myers remained. Old Tim Wagner stuttered: "Wh-what are you doing, son?"

"Didn't you get a letter from me a few days ago, Dad?"

"No letter, just a postcard saying you'd be home."

"No, this was a letter. I wrote it the day before the postcard.

The sheriff interrupted him: "Did you write it from Stewart, Bob?"

"Yes, I did. I was staying with Uncle Bill."

"The mail steamer was held up for two days by a broken propellor. That explains why your father didn't get it. Was it important?"

"Important?" His eyes lighted up. He turned to his father. "You know that piece of rock I stumbled across you said was no good. Well, I didn't tell you but I took a sample down to the assayer's when I left for Stewart. He said he'd mail the report to me at Uncle Bill's. It came five days ago. That may have been fool's gold, Dad, but it assayed 9/10 *oz. of platinum a ton!*"

"Whaaat? Platinum!"

"Yep, and the market price now is around $200. an ounce. We're rich, Dad, 'cuz there's plenty more where that sample came from. Myers! You satisfied? You'll get your durn money now. Go home and bully someone else."

"Guess the boy's right, Myers. You don't want to seize any property now," said the sheriff.

"No? Are you going to take the word of a green kid? How do you know he's not just tryin' to get the old man out of a tough spot?"

"Green kid, am I?" muttered Bob, fishing around in his pocket and finally producing a crumbled piece of paper. "Read this."

It was the assay report. It confirmed what Bob had stated—9/10 oz. of platinum a ton. It was passed around the three men—they gazed at it in wonder and handled it reverently.

Myers, foreseeing a good customer in the owner of a platinum mine, cleared his throat nervously. "Well, I guess I'll be gettin' along, Mr. Wagner. Sorry I troubled you."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Myers," replied Bob sweetly. "Good-bye."

And as Mr. Myers slunk miserably off, Bob, responding to a last mischievous impulse, stooped to the dog, and said: "Sic 'em, Poncho, sic 'em."

B. D. Cullity. IV High.

Exchanges

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges with thanks:

Beaumont Review, Beaumont College, Old Windsor, Berks.
Black and White Review, Catholic High School, Montreal, Que.
The Campion, Campion College, Regina, Sask.
Folia Montana, Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S.
Green and White Quarterly, LaSalle College, Manila, P.I.
Lower Canada College Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.
The Mitre, University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.
The Mountaineer, Mount St. Mary's, Spinkhill, Sheffield, Eng.
The Nardin Quarterly, Nardin Academy, Buffalo, N.Y.
Notre Dame, Margaret Bourgeoys College, Montreal, Que.
R.M.C. Review, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.
St. Joseph's Lilies, St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Ont.
St. Mary's College Review, Brockville, Ont.
Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, Lancs.
Westhill High School Annual, Westhill High School, Montreal, Que.
Westmount High School Annual, Westmount High School, Westmount Que.

Our First Aeroplane Ride

AFTER many hours of careful deliberation, having been scorned by our most intimate relatives as a nit-wit, having listened respectfully to the earnest prognostications of our well-wishing friends we have turned our back upon them all, and have finally decided (with many private qualms it must in all truth be confessed) to separate ourselves from this our native earth, from all its vice and sorrow, from all its petty intrigue, and to launch ourselves into the air on steel, wood, and fabric—in short, to take an airplane ride.

This was a result of long premeditated thought, of fretful days and sleepless nights, with all our past sins rising from long-forgotten graves and marching in grim array before us, and *all* because we had met the instructor of the local flying club a long week ago. Last night he 'phoned again, and we pocketed our fear and, with the voice of one ordering his own execution, placed the fateful day for the morrow.

We are roused from the arms of Morpheus by a bright summer sun shining in our eyes and half hope that our car will not start, but faint heart never won fair flying, so, taking a last longing look at our family we depart for the airport with a great weight on our heart. However the beauty of the day has a cheering effect upon our morale and we turn jauntily on to the field with a feeling akin to Columbus about to set off for America.

Arround the airport all is stir and bustle. Men in white suits are running hither and yon on seemingly meaningless errands. We turn our eyes upwards in response to the sobbing drone of a motor to see far above us a gossamer thing of blue and yellow weaving endless patterns in the sky. Suddenly the sound dies away! The machine wavers, and falls with a spinning motion earthwards. We close our eyes and wait for the crash, but the sound of the motor again filling the heavens, we open them, to find a mechanic grinning at us.

In our most dignified manner we turn and walk towards the clubhouse where we meet our friend the instructor, who shakes us by the hand and brightly remarks what a fine day it is. We agree with a forced smile. wondering how, on the eve of so great a danger he is able to be so calm. He calls a boy and orders him to run over to the hangar and have "KR" made ready. In response to our query he informs us that those are the final letters of the plane's license number. Our courage commences to return at the thought that we on earth at least have something in common with those in the air, but our valor soon wilts as he presents for our signature, a paper, relieving the Club in case of accident, of all responsibility for our welfare. With trembling hand we sign our name in a manner that would make the poorest forger turn away and weep. We are allowed no time to recover from this latest shock, but are bundled into an ancient, war-worn, leather coat. Some heartless individual forces a helmet with a pair of long tubes terminating in a metal Y over our head, and so we go forth like a lamb to the slaughter.

On close inspection an airplane seems even more flimsy and dangerous than we had expected, and our knees tremble beneath us as our too-fertile imagination pictures ourself hurtling downward through space.

We are rudely disturbed from private thoughts by a mechanic opening a little flap in the side of the 'plane and motioning us to enter.

"Place your foot here, sir, and grab hold of that strut—that's it—no, no, your left foot on the seat, now just settle down and make yourself comfortable."

We mechanically do as instructed, and, having taken the final step, determine to watch all subsequent proceedings as though it were a matter of everyday occurence to fly. Once we are seated the mechanic straps us in with a wide web belt, plugs the Y of our tubes into a socket, and tells us that the mouthpiece just in front of us is for speaking to the pilot. We ask him what the movable bar at our feet is for, whereupon he informs us that while it is possible to fly a machine with the rudder locked, it was by no means advisable, and that it would be in the interest of all parties concerned to keep our feet strictly away from that bar, furthermore that the little knob on our left was for the use of the pilot only, whereby he might control the speed of the engine. After this bit of instruction has been duly absorbed, the mechanic takes up a position directly behind the propellor and commences to turn it around, shouting at the pilot between turns and receiving an answer before again seizing the blade. The motor starts most unexpectedly and our stomach slowly becomes displaced as we realise that soon we would be off. After five minutes of doing nothing, save listening to the sound of the idling motor, we hear the voice of our pilot.

"I am going to run her up now and then away we go."

The roar of the motor gradually rises to a thundering crescendo. The whole fabric of the machine vibrates and we duck low, momentarily expecting the thing to fly apart. He throttles back and then we move out onto the field. Surely this bumping, rattling, wallowing thing isn't going to fly? Our unspoken question is answered immediately, for, after turning the machine around at the far end of the field the motor is opened out wide and we are bouncing along at a great rate, until suddenly all vibration ceases. Curiosity overcomes our fears and we all at once become aware of the fact that we have left the earth.

As we climb higher, the lake, sparkling and shimmering in the fresh morning sunlight, lies ahead. Beneath, and for miles around, is the ground looking for all the world like a vast, vari-coloured, patchwork quilt. The feeling of tension passes. We seem absolutely detached and in a little moving world of our own. The feeling of fear has entirely departed, subservient to the feeling of awe that pervades us as we gaze upon the incomparable view below. As the endless panorama unrolls before us we can hear, even above the comforting roar of the motor, the voice of the instructor pointing out objects of interest. Places familiar on earth are presented to us in an entirely new setting. Everything seem unreal, and very beautiful.

The sound of the motor dies away; gradually the earth comes up. We wait for a bump, but instead, the machine floats just above the ground, and then settles like a bird.

Once out of the 'plane and in the clubhouse we can scarcely imagine that what has happened is real. At last we climb into our car and drive home, highly elated, to describe in detail to all our friends, our first airplane ride.

. . . . . Of *course* we shall fly again; as a matter of fact we are taking our first lesson tomorrow.

W. H. Bulloch, II u.c.

High School Chronicles

FOURTH HIGH

THE term of 1932-1933 uncovered a Fourth High which may well be compared with the most versatile classes ever to enter these famed portals. No less than ten stalwart members played on the crack Senior High rugby team, while many others bolstered the lower teams and the various hockey outfits.

Regardless of the numerous honors attained through sporting channels, the class gained undying fame by capturing the beautiful Atherton Trophy emblematic of the City Debating Championship. Harry Trihey and Joe Hart defeated Catholic High by an unanimous decision in the final debate at Congress Hall. Of the eight speakers who upheld the honor of Loyola during the year, no less than seven were from Fourth High.

Eugene Hankey. Gene must have enough testimonials to decorate the whole house. We wonder what would happen if he got under 90 in any subject

Edgar Bronstetter. Chuck, the man of College Spirit, an infectious laugh, and a weakness for vari-colored ties, never fails to get your last dime!

Frank Quelch. Frank has a smile that would boost any tooth paste ad., and which throws into the shadow his tap-dancing and debating ability.

Joe Bourke. President of the class and of the debating society. Joe finds time to shine as an all round athlete.

Hugh MacDonald. Hugh is famed as an organizer, cheer leader, army officer, and secretary of the Montreal Junior Debating League.

Bill Griffin. Bill, the playboy of Verdun, is also the author of the Deliberative Subjunctive question: "Do blondes look better in black?".

Vincent Jones. Vin edits the *News* with Bill Griffin's help, takes the role of Charmante Elise in French class, and never misses any kind of D'Arcy McGee event.

Paul Sweeney. Paul, the triple threat in local High School rugby circles, turned out to be a forward passer second to none. Though he hails from Pittsfield, Mass., his weakness is five o'clock study.

Joe Hart. Joe, the stentorian orator and cold logician, joined forces with Harry Trihey to bring to the school the Junior Debating Championship.

Joe MacDonald. A player of practical jokes from the far-eastern hamlet of Halifax, Joe scintillates as a debater for the pros and cons of theme work.

Emilio Estrada. Behold a man who hears more "Pudeat Te" than any ten men, but who inevitably pursues the even tenor of his ways by shedding them one by one. His name will some day be found at the foot of a humorous "Best Seller".

Marcus Cronin. Marcus, the Albany Sophist, whose interest lies at times in the vicinity of Granby, Que., is student-athlete and Socrates of the class.

Alfred Burman. Al possesses a keen mind, a quiet manner, and a literary style that brings thoughts of Newman and De Quincey.

Frank Conway. A violet by a mossy stone sums up Frank, who is sometimes known to indulge in indoor soccer with the now famous Adeline Quartet.

Cameron MacDonald. His sartorial elegance has never failed to bring a breathless vision of Spring, flowers, and swaying daffodils, in street clothes, and

the five dollar gold piece for the best dressed cadet on parade.

Ben Hammond. Ben is our southern gentleman who never hurries and exudes the Murad nonchalance. He is noted for his oratorical 'But.'

Patrick Gilmore. Erstwhile known as "Peter", Pat has now been elevated to the supreme rank of Statistician. The Moods of all verbs may be had upon consultation during office hours.

James Yeatman. James is addicted to Crossword puzzles. This brief sentence gives us the answer, we believe, to his unlimited knowledge in class and his familiarity with many outlandish subjects.

Frank Costello. Frank, the man of few but choice words, comes from Alexandria, but we cannot hold that against him. He forms half of the "Gold Dust Twins". The other half is Murray Valance.

Norman Thomas. The irrepressible and perennial Normie (Junior to his intimates) provides the sound effects for Physics Class. Though an Intermediate hockey star, he is known to blush. He confessed it! And at the mention of magazines and dormitories!

William Walsh. Bill enters the class at nine-thirty every morning with or without a smile, depending entirely on the Prefect. He is certain to weaken on hot and sunny afternoons.

Murray Valance. Murray is a man of ambitious literary tendencies, whose avowed intention in life is to bring fame to Hamilton some day.

James Rinahan. Jimmie is a very meek type in class—but outside! Jimmie hails from the Lakeshore district and sometimes misses the trains. He knows all about the "grunt and groan" game, and his pathetic look, used in special crises, moves even his professors.

Grattan Kiely. Grattan's whole manner spells speed. He exudes "Hotcha" effect. and is the class crooner and torch-singer. His theme song is "Moanin Low". Canadiens and homework are h s weaknesses.

Lew McKeown. Lew is training partner for "Strangler" Demitre. Stops end runs and questions with equal skill. He is noted for his whimsical humour. Lead pencils are his weak suit.

Donald McCoy. Our 5 ft. 5 man with the six foot voice! His voice is noted for its throbbing appeal. Donald wonders why History books were written and why he wasn't living in the prehistoric period; but he can juggle figures with any Technocrat.

John Brown. With the Hollywood profile a la Barrymore and ambrosial locks, John has revived fond memories by his laconic utterances on Thursday afternoons "I tank I go home!" John can answer any question with more variations than Socrates himself. To "yes or no" John answers "or".

Harry Trihey. Harry is the Blonde Venus of Fourth High, our star athlete, and paired with Joe Hart brought us a High School Debating Championship. Harry dislikes air which Duggie Whiteside insists on having. He never sleeps over and intends to write a dissertation on the 2nd aorist tense and digamma.

Douglas Whiteside. Duggie is the class Gazette, the man of the 1,000 questions, a minor heretic, and a pupil of Archimedes. Duggie is a fallacious debater and statistician. He has interviewed everybody from bicycle drivers to Peggy Joyce.

Ernest Coughlin. Ernie is our scrappy and snappy lineman on the High School Rugby Team. We wonder why his serious face remains when uttering witty sentiments. He is our Greek scholar and Sports Manager. His manly stature (Buster Crabbe) caused many female hearts (page West Hill blondes) to skip a beat.

Walter Morley. Rudy, as he is called for obvious reasons, is our class bouncer and all-round athlete. Walter is a great companion, and does not believe in coeducation. He is a member of our

debating team, and when he and Bill Griffin step out, strong maidens faint. His favourite street is Atwater.

Alvin Courtemanche. The imperturbable Alvin rises superior to all noises. He is quiet in class; but outside? Alvin is the class prompter and thus is skilled in stage whispers.

Patrick Dussault. Packy is a rugby star, though he hails from Valois; but is he proud of it! He forms a triumvirate with Jimmie Rinahan and Lew McKeown. He is Chief Librarian—and can he frisk you? Give me Liberty or the Saturday Evening Post!

Bernard Cullity. Bernard is another honour man with a real English style. He is prominent in all class activities and with Chuck Bronstetter takes up collections. Bernard is noted for his debunking of Romantic Venice.

Theodore Demitre. Teddy is our Greek scholar and adds a cosmopolitan touch. He claims his brother is no good. He finds it hard to catch Gerry Melvin's prompting. "Strangler" will likely be a philologist.

Gerry Melvin. This is Gerry's first year with us; but we hope it will not be the last. Gerry combines a great sense of humour with real thought. He was the mainstay of our Intermediate rugby team. Gerry takes time out now and again to complain that Duggie Whiteside is not speaking loudly enough. He exults in "Di Immortales" and "Pudeat Te".

E. Estrada and H. Trihey

* * *

THIRD HIGH "A"

THE year is almost dead—the past is becoming a dim and murky shadow—for some it is a melody of flights and depths; for others but gloomy shades and flashing lights.

It seemed but yesterday.

SEPTEMBER

Returning condition—free members of 3A take possession of the Sunnyside classroom—a tight fit with 36 wedged in! Wild scramble for the solitary curtain! Elections take place behind the curtain—Dillon emerges as President; Murphy as Vice, and McNichol insists on the gold standard. McNaughton mathematically interested in the steam shovel across the way, while Roland Clarke concentrates on the contract verbs. George Kelly, after a year's absence, condescends to share our joys and sorrows. McAsey glides into our perspective, as Royer comes down, browned and plump, from the clouds of St-Jovite. The Retreat cuts off Dillon's hair-raising accounts of Kaye Don and Gar Wood. Shaw passes his last condition, but the effort is too great—three weeks go by before his sunny smile greets us. Clocks—including Porteous' timepiece—stop, while Loyola catches up lost time.

OCTOBER

Bill Tigh, the new coach, orders around, among others, Barry, O'Brien, Tyler, Reid, Fahey, Dillon and McNichol on the Senior Hi Squad. In a French test we are told "Le renne aime à voyager", that is, "the fox likes explorers"! Corr blossoms forth as a Junior, and is away for a touch—almost! Eric Stone bids farewell prior to a long stay in the mountains—Hard Luck! Eric! Sole surviving curtain disappears! O'Brien declares it will be shellacked and served some morning with cream! Cynical, huh?

NOVEMBER

Curtain pole sent away for a refill! Murphy, star end, digs up the campus looking for Intermediate lost yards! Gus Cody, carelessly dumped by opposing hefties, says the lime is as effective as Ipana! Berry heads for the Infirmary—Chemistry test in the offing! Fr.

Louis Wheeler, S.J., drops in to renew acquaintances and pep up the boys! The Unknown Soldier declares a holiday. Fahey attends class regularly—"more or less", says McAsey. Kucharski, confused by Geometry, takes a week off to square matters! Tyler in his usual anti-Westhill mood. It must have been something he ate at that party!! "If you don't know what to read, ask Gareau"—the Library slogan!

DECEMBER

Drill drives Dillon dizzy! A History test paper informs us that Joan of Arc was crossing a bridge—the bridge opened—and Joan fell into the hands of the English! Shades of Macaulay! "Suppose!" "Yes, but just suppose!" Friends, that was Stanley Clarke edging in his daily objection. Debating in full swing: Kelley and Hermansen show us what a really fine fellow Catiline was; Barry and Tyler prove that Cicero knew what was going on last night and the night before! Loved ones blot the last line of the Greek Trans test and rush home to be loved!

JANUARY

New clothes—new ties—new tunes—Santa was good after all. Traditional Eng. Comp. Other traditions follow closely. Stanley Clarke, Gareau, Hermansen, McNally, Porteous, Royer, Stambach and Tyler hug their heard-earned 80%! Others groan and gnash; some just gnash! McNichol sidestepped the 3A exams to falter before the 3B puzzlers! Stambach takes up the Secretary's burdens—incidentally easing his own conscience! Charlie Kane unable to solve Pete Ward's novel technique—it must come under "conditions contrary to fact"! Gaskin says good-by—Too bad, Archie! Hope to see you again next September! McNaughton catches the Measles, and later, much later, a train for Montreal.

FEBRUARY

Our Mission Board starts operating. Paré bows his way into our class and hearts! "Bienvenu! Charlie!" say McNaughton and Boyce in unison. Fr. Joseph Couture enthralls us with an account of his labours on the Mission of Northern Ontario. Burns bumps and bruises but Midgets lose. Lent settles down on a wintry day, fish pinch-hitting on Wednesday! Hermansen draws a mean Lenten slip—"No Dessert today"—"Does ice cream count?"

MARCH

Ten below!! Stambach heaves in sight with an ear like a cream puff! McNally's double-breasted spats keep him late. Griffin succeeds in breaking up the Gareau-Porteous combine. Guilboard and Fahey dodge each other in attending class. Hermansen nonchalantly renders: "Les ceintures de sauvetage manquaient" as "hundreds of savages leaped overboard"! Reid explains McNaughton's fed-up look by saying that since Mac has been named Quarter-Master, he has found the care of the rifles very boring! Mac says rifles render Reid rabid!

APRIL

Dillon launches his Review Sales campaign! Boyce's glasses arrive—now to spot those rough breathings Royer so carelessly drops! Lots of rain for tulips, worms, and sleeping beauties. Reverend Father Provincial visits the class and is met by downcast eyes, suddenly modest and retiring students, and an excellent demonstration in Maths by Shaw! The Lunchroom call: "Jistasangwidge!" Spy Wednesday at noon the school is surrendered to a small group who help in the Holy Week services in the New Chapel. Open season for plus fours—Barry the first victim. Corr tells us why Cain killed Abel—at the same time introducing us to a new member of the

family: "This guy Cable!" Clarke's black sheep—they really belonged to Cain, though Tyler objected—gambol through a debate on Crime! Kelley reviving old debating memories, strokes Hermansen the wrong way. Barry & O'Brien set up the May altar and cover up their tracks, as usual.

MAY

Daylight Saving Time steals an hour, making it an hour harder to study every night! Kelley and Hermansen fail to convince class that Macaulay creates more interest than De Quincey, Dillon and Tyler's choice. First drill of the month. Rifles handed out! Shaw's squad gets an extra dose! "Boy, I hope they load those rifles Friday!" Judgment passed on the Royal Scot by Gareau, Burns, Porteous, Kane and Stambach. "What nice paint! How do you wind it up, mister?" Sullivan thinks Atalanta's Race all applesauce!

The Chroniclers blot the page and sign:

JACK BARRY
STANLEY CLARKE
DICK HERMANSEN
LADDIE KUCHARSKI

* * *

THIRD HIGH "B"

THE first picture we see as we enter our gallery of Third High 'B" contains the smiling countenance of Edward McAsey. He is a friendly humorous fellow, addicted to debating with our Catechism teacher on Prohibition, Socialism. Our inquiring gaze rests on the next picture. Large soulful blue eyes gaze down upon us from beneath the shaggy eyebrows of our class poet—none other than John Badger. Then we see the smiling, benign features of our very good friend and humorist, the notable Howard McKinley. Mac has certain propensities for denying us his pleasant company at drill on Tuesdays and Fridays. Now the solemn face of George Joly peers intently at us. We fancy we see his face break into a wide grin of delight when he is informed that he came first in Latin. Edward Kennedy's smiling face is the next we perceive, and it reflects his cheery, intellectual character. His specialty is Geometry, and in particular congruent triangles. Here is Connie Corkery, a short, breezy New Yorker. He delights in collecting old and new coins, usually gleaned from some unlucky fellow student.

And now we come to Gerald Johnson, our scholastic Virtuoso. His favorite sport is hockey despite the fact that he sent in nearly one hundred and fifty score cards and received nothing for his pains. Dagnall is next, and we still can see Philip sheepishly bringing his history from under the desk at the advice of our History professor. In Gallagher we perceive the strong silent man of the class; a man of few words, especially where history is concerned. Lee is the social lion, a fellow who delights in a good stiff game of bridge. George "Gibby" Gilbert is our star athlete, both in rugby and hockey. Beside his is the smiling face of Jean Royer, our representative from Quebec. Jean has a fondness for pictures of movie stars, particularly Jean Harlow. Grothé is another "Français" who still insists on borrowing algebra homework during Latin period. He has a weakness for chemistry. Cheerful Samuel Hutcheson is the next student in our Gallery. He is the class mainstay on any subject, particularly as goaler for the Q.A.H.A. Midgets. Whitelaw is still pondering over the mysteries of Algebra and Geometry, and often wonders why he can solve a problem by his own method and not by the book's. Now we come to Billy Murphy, the soul of wit and good humour. And here is Mark Savage with a frown of bewilderment on his face. Ah-h-h! His countenance clears and he finally discovers how that

line of Latin verse is scanned. And the next portrait? Why, none other than Major Bill Holland of our Cadet Corps, an exceptionally fine skier and an excellent rugby and hockey player.

Now the pleasant face of Jacques Baudouin looks down upon us. Jacques is a quiet and sphinx-like man in class; but outside..... Stan Clooney takes things as they come, and is usually to be found perusing his inevitable detective thriller. Peter Hudson is an occasional visitor to the class. He seems to have classes in all parts of the school. Ward joined the Gallery at the beginning of the second term. He is a quiet and unobtrusive fellow with a penchant for scanning Ovid. Joe Wrinn's smiling face next comes to our attention. Joe is one of the most popular boys in the school because of his quietness and his ready wit. Frank Hollingworth is an authority on strangle-holds, hammer-locks, and all other matters pertaining to wrestling. Raymond McKeown is our "ray" of sunshine. He brings many a smile to the most solemn visage with his bright sayings. We nearly overlooked John Madigan, our class porter. Though he is small in stature, he makes up for it by his gay chatter. His nearest rival (in size) is Frank Shorteno; next to the latter is John Labelle, who dreams of bygone days of pleasure during class hours. He makes up for this deficiency by his excellent cartoons. Last, is "*the*" John Rheaume, famous for his witticisms, and chairbreaking abilities. When bigger and better humorists are made, John will certainly be in the foremost ranks of the same.

FRANK PYTLIK.

* * *

SECOND HIGH "A"

IT is with the greatest regret that we see the close of another scholastic year, a dread event to curb our insatiable craving for learning, (page Keegan), and if you don't believe this statement we would advise you, gentle reader, to gaze upon our photographs, located somewhere in this volume. To prove to you our boundless energy, our high ambitions, and our unswerving perseverence in duty, read this narration of an average day in class.

9 a.m. The thundering herd sweeps into the classroom.

9.10. The door opens with a flourish and closes with a bang. There is a flurry of books, a thump, and Macdonald emerges from the chaos.

9.15. Keegan according to custom falls asleep. (He is away so often that his motto must be—absence makes the heart grow fonder.)

9.17. Naranjo scores another bull with a spit-ball.

9.20. Mr. McCarthy, (after fifteen minutes work at the board) "And so we see that X equals nothing." Savage, aside to Wier, "My gosh, all that work for nothing!"

9.25. Emery actually hands in some algebra homework.

9.35. Burns forgets to pun.

9.38. He remedies that lapse and is rewarded with jug.

9.45. A stack of exercise books enter, supported by Mr. Bedford.

9.55. Connolly expresses thanks that none of Caesar's orations were preserved—his Gallic Wars are bad enough.

10 a.m. "Emery, give the the perfect participle passive of rego." "The, ah, perfect participle passive of rego? The perf- oh yes! the, ah, ah, just a minute, I've got it! the perfect part- (and so on for five minutes.)

10.05. Brent being asked for his home work comes forward with an excuse worth an hour's jug.

10.10. Casares, who's very frown is fairer far than smiles of other men, brings in the book of daily events. "Drill at 2.30" enthusiastic cheers.

10.20. Keegan wakes for a brief moment, but allays our fears for his health by immediately subsiding again.

10.25. Acheson's brow indicates that his team has lost another Latin game.

10.30. Break.

10.40. We are lectured on the Roman government.

10.50. Stewart sneezes.

10.55. Beaulieu sits down and immediately rises. (Who owns the thumbtack?)

11 a.m. Dumas feels the fuzz on his upper lip—imagination is a wonderful thing!

11.25. Bulloch is up in the air again but is floored by .

11.35. Kucharski asks the time.

11.50. Carrington, being thoroughly conversant with Greek, babbles fluent Spanish with another 'amingo'.

12 a.m. Dinner.

1.15 p.m. Fahey makes history by answering a Latin question correctly.

2.00 p.m. Gaffney performs his daily dozen by falling off his chair—otherwise nothing else of interest, save groans at the awful amount of homework.

W. H. Bulloch.

* * *

SECOND HIGH "B"

HOCKEY IN CLASS

THE class is still! Everybody seems to be intent on their Latin Grammars. All at once a hand will shoot up like a skyrocket and a deep, sonorous voice will ask if it may sharpen its pencil! The owner of these unique vocal cords will then commence to stroll up to the basket and scrape and scratch a much sharpened pencil, of course, Peter Ward!

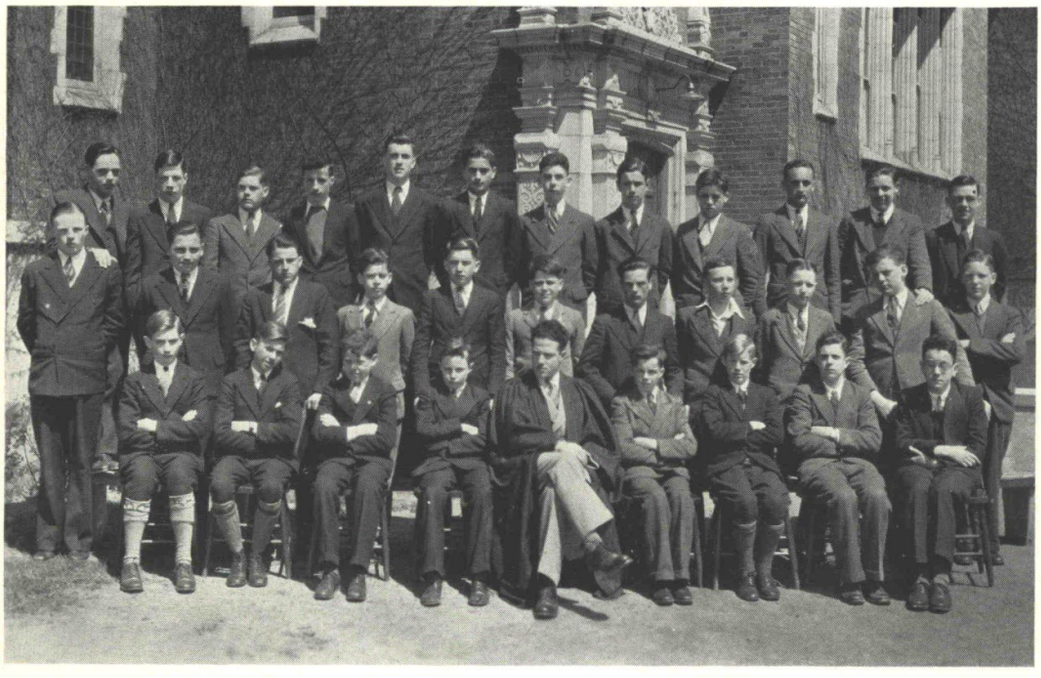
Yet I am wandering from my subject. Lest the reader should think the title of this chronicle is a misprint, I hasten to assure him there is no error at all. Hockey in the classroom is just as much a reality as hockey on the ice. The design of an ordinary hockey rink is painted on a permanent board, including the centre-ice spot and the blue lines. Eighteen lines representing eighteen moves separate centre ice from the nets. It may be needless to add that a move is earned only by answering one of Father Elliott's questions. When a player reaches the goal our Reverend Professor relinquishes all responsibility and the opposing goal-keeper puts the question. A goal is scored on a successful answer, otherwise the puck goes to the blue line.

At the time of writing the interest of the hockey world is at a keen pitch concerning the National League play-downs. In another locality on a slightly higher level, in fact to be more precise, up in the rafters of Loyola High's Junior Building, where the class of Second B nestles cosily in the sunshine, the "intellectual" hockey play-offs are under way to determine the Class Championship! Clifford, the strong man of the class, has lifted the "rink" into its place, and everything is in readiness, except the appointment of two officials and an exercise for the non-contestants. "Father," says Power in very high soprano, "May I be marker?" "Sit down!" says Father Elliott. Honest Howard Street is chosen as timekeeper and Reynolds is named Referee, whose duty is to indicate the movements of the "puck" as it travels up and down the rink suspended from a cord! After twenty-six minutes of overtime Leafs succeed in ousting from the third place play-off Canadiens, represented by McDonough, who seems to be growing downwards from too much study, D. Mahoney, who seems to be growing outwards from the lack of it, another Shaughnessy (the fifth!), Heslop, the blond maker of famous excuses, highly excitable Captain Rolland, and "Curls" Warren, the pride of Three Rivers and of certain members of D'Arcy McGee. Second-place Maroons were next to succumb to the hardworking Leafs. Lange, midget centre and many-crowned Crossword Champ, McCourt, ex-maritime star, "One minute" Long,



FIRST HIGH "A"

Back Row: B. Henry, J. Friend, R. Cleary, J. Marks, J. Weiss, C. Johnston, L. Carroll.
Middle Row: J. Devine, H. Westover, V. O'Donohoe, P. Flannery, C. Jaramillo, J. Ancona, N. Newenhous.
Front Row: P. Benoit, D. Newton, W. Gozzelle, P. Senecal, P. Limoges, E. Callary, E Asselin, G. Beland, J. Stevens.



FIRST HIGH "B"

Back Row: A. Libby, R. Ryan, J. Wadey, E. Kennedy, N. Roche, C Londono, R. Estrada, R. Dunn, B. Clarke, L. Londono, M. Hickey, R. Langan.
Middle Row: C. Dalton, A. Villella, J. Parenteau, P. Waud, J. Boileau, C. Gray, W. Hibbets, J. Maguire, A Macdougall, P. Snell, J. Doyle
Front Row: C. Gutelius, S. Nebbs, R. Graham, D. MacNeil, Mr. E. George, M. Relihan, P. Graham, F. Babineau, F. Broderick.

who answers all questions that way, Caesar McQuillan, whose elocutional forte is Shakespeare, and G. Mahoney, the league leading goal-tender, failed to match the Leaf attack of McDougall, the overworked alternate, Smith, a First High graduate, Captain "Happy" Waud, the wireless expert, Marriott, quite as capable on classroom ice as in Loyola Stadium, and Blaxall, who unfailingly scratches his red hair before answering a question, thereby causing a short circuit!

The scene is set for the Final. Ottawa *vs.* Leafs. The puck is dropped and Flask "Skia" (skia is the Greek for shadow) McCormick, the fastest thinking centre in the league, secures and passes to Power, to Sutton, who tosses pennies outside of class. At the blueline, "Six-Shot" McAndrew, known for the unequalled exploit of drilling six shots at the net in five minutes, fools the opposition and gives a perfect pass to Captain Fitzgibbon right at the goalmouth. Oh! What a save! The very dignified "Pop" Rowell came out of his nets that time to hurl back the now famous Ottawa power play by a question that even made Father Elliott pause! But we have reckoned without Larry Lynch, Senator sniper. He skates in fast to grab the rebound. He scores! The goal decided the championship. "Well... er... ah... I would say!..." philosophises Jack Shea, while Valois feels the need of one more song as a fitting climax to this year's exciting finish of hockey in the classroom.

VINCENT FITZGIBBON, H.S. '35.
FREDERICK MCCOURT, H.S. '35.

* * *

FIRST HIGH "A"

THIS is Station 1.H.A. bringing the news of the class-world right into your homes. Seven minutes of facts, fancies and interesting personalities, each of them new, alive, vital!

Senor Joaquin Ancona, the kid from Spain, likes his Latin, but thinks a bull fight in sunny Colombia more interesting than an hour of elocution. One can conclude from the number of times he patronizes the "jug" that Ed Asselin is getting a lot from school. However, when not in "jug" he finds time to be head man of the "Little Four", and to play on the Bantam Hockey and Rugby teams. Guy Beland, besides being the "Beau Brummel" of the class, holds the record for Elocution, his rendition of "The Little Brown Jug" having won for him this distinguished honor. Paul Benoit is a real blond, unless we have been fooled all along and those hairs are grey. If they are, we know it is because of his intensive and extensive study of the migration of Nationals and Senecals in Ancient History.

Redmond Cleary gives a fresh twist to the old expression by being a big, strong silent man from the East. He is a man of many attainments, but for particulars please get in touch with Marks, his little "gold dust" twin.

"Leo the Great" Carroll, the high pressure manager and representative, is an expert in every sport except those Latin baseball games. Joe Devine "the pride of the Ancient Capitol" considers no sound sweeter than the end-of-class bell. He is a banker (no insults intended) by nature, and is far and away the best accountant of application marks. Rod Boileau seems to dedicate all his waking hours to goal-keeping and to arguments. The theme of these arguments invariably is whether he is down for one hour's or two hours' jug.

We are fully convinced that if he only desired it Patrick Flannery could find a position with Pepsodent. His smile positively dazzles. However, the advertising profession does not attract him, for he assures us that his favorite occupation is "just resting". Professor Bruce Henry and Baron Henry Niewen-

hous, the Radio Kings, are Loyola's contribution to science. They have nearly completed a new contrivance that shall eliminate "cut-ins" on their class conversations. William Kappell, "the hero from Monsey, N.Y.", swears he will sink the navy if he ever launches the cruisers that he takes from the class bulletin board. His signature song is "Algebra is My Weakness Now".

Gerald Friend will soon publish his life work entitled "How to Come a Consistent First". Written by such an authority, it is sure to become a best seller. Carlos Jaramillo is our Latin wizard. We are reliably informed that Carlos shall next be seen in Montreal as consul-general of Bogota. Clarence Johnston has spent the greater part of the year trying to find algebraically the quickest way to a four days' rest. Unfruitful as his experiments in this respect may have been, he at least has proved by his own experience that a shave in boiling water has its value.

Paul Limoges has not yet arrived, and Memory Lesson starts at nine sharp. (Suspicious? Of course not.) Paul's pastime is collecting from Father Prefect notes bearing the magic words "Please admit Paul,—9.05." James Marks, the bookworm, is famous for his "Short Story Magazine". Small enough to be read in class (even in the first row) and so completely camouflaged that at a turn of the thumb it will look like a "New Latin Grammar". Allister Macdonald came out of the West to study French. After one year's alliance with D. Newton, Allister will soon leave for France to take out French-citizenship papers.

John Westover and George Boyne, latecomers and former maestros in Longueuil, have introduced the eternal question: Why Homework? Little do they realize that old and weary seniors are still searching for the answer. Donald Newton improves on Caesar occasionally. He is a hockey star and a walking Information Bureau. If you desire any literary knowledge, page Mr. Newton. Ernest Newton has recently cornered the Comic-Strip Market. With so many lovers of the comic-strip art in the class, it is no wonder that he has begun to read "self-defense" instructions.

Raymond Gazelle's two weaknesses are stamp collecting and dart-slinging. If you are sceptical concerning his proficiency in the latter pastime, consult the man who was hit by one. Flash! Vincent O'Donohoe, last seen studying a First Year Latin Grammar, is lost! If located, direct to 1.A. classroom. Probable occupation: the designing of a non-collapsible chair. Pierre Senecal is the class crooner. Moreover, he is a strong man (in his own way) and an honour student. Can such inconsistency be possible in a mortal? Philip Shaughnessy, the well known "Alabama Phil" is reputed to be the author of "The Further Adventures of Tracey". In comparatively private life he is a permanent member of the "Jug" society. John Weiss is now "Heinrich", the noted historian of Early Grecian History. He has found the spot where Demosthenes picked the pebbles to practice voice culture.

And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, finishes our programme for the year. This broadcast has come to you through the tolerance of the class. Your announcer, John Stevens. This is the Grapevine Broadcasting System.

* * *

FIRST HIGH "B"

"IT is fun to be fooled, but wiser to know the truth." So say the cigarette boosters, and working on that same premise, we will endeavour to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, concerning the boys of I High "B".

Towards the front of the class we have the B.B.D. Boys, viz. Frenchy Babineau, Freckles Broderick and Red Doyle.

Their friendship was subjected to a third degree by the Prefect, but emerged victorious from the encounter. Our Chewing Gum squad is next to fall under observation. While the two Graham lads, Blondie and Curly do their share, Gutelius and Parenteau, who have larger capacities, win the competition without much opposition. "Tarzan" Dalton has been known to play good hockey when sufficiently awake. We should like to say that Bruce (Scrap-Book) Clark and Paul Snell spend their time deep in the throes of Latin, but since we promised the Truth, we fear they are more interested in the "Polacheck Wanderings" than all of Caesar's travels.

Joe (What's it all about) Boileau never ceases to wonder why the teacher is continually picking on him. Quote "I never did anything, sir."..... The Pee-wees of the class are Don (Wee) MacNeil and Mick (Shrimp) Relihan. Both are great lads. Albert (When the Moon goes into the darkroom) Villella, has his secret sorrows which he confides to Red Langan. Sitting behind him we have John (Mickey) Maguire, who, between fainting spells, is a good scholar and athlete. Our Foreign Legion consists of the Londono Brothers, Louis and Caesar, and Bob (Jitters) Estrada. They deserve a lot of praise for the progress they have made, and their unfailing good humor.

Dick Dunn takes the occasional trip around the corner, and returns feeling much abused. Art Libby extends his sincere sympathies, having escaped the same little trip by a mighty close shave several times. From the Capitol City hails Charley (Jew's Harp) Gray. His musical ear has got him into several compromising situations. Jim Savor is said to be that way about a certain female out in the Great Open Spaces. Martin Hickey has been keeping copies of this year's exams. What is this, Martin? Some new racket? Stewart Nebbs delights in detective stories. We need a good Sherlock to unravel the mystery of the Missing Grammars. "Elementary, my dear Stewart, Elementary".

Norbert (Lanky) Roche has a peculiar horse laugh which has a habit of disturbing the class routine. Bob Ryan hails from Kingston and is a welcome newcomer to the class. Billy (Speedy) Hibbits reserves his energy for the track team and consequently doesn't overwork himself during school hours. Mac Macdougall, the editor of our class paper, is following in his brother's footsteps, which is praise enough for any student. Ed (Weary) Kennedy, the class cartoonist, is just to-o-o tired. John Wady, the editor's assistant, and Pete Waud, the boy with all the questions, are two of our outstanding pupils.

Now that you have met the boys, we will withdraw and let you judge for yourselves as to their worth. Regardless of your decision, they stand Ace High in our esteem.

A. Macdougall.
M. Relihan.



L. C. A. A.

AT the last meeting of the Loyola College Athletic Association the following officers were elected to carry on the activities for the year 1932-1933: *President*, W. Daly; *Vice-Pres.*, W. Shea; *Secretary*, G. Burman; *Arts Councillors*, L. Carroll, E. Gough, G. McGinnis, L. McKenna, and G. Aubut; *H. S. Councillors*, W. Morley, E. Bronstetter, and W. Holland. Mr. F. McElligott, S.J., was appointed Moderator of the Association.

The past season did not bring forth any spectacular successes in any of the various sports. We have no beautiful cups or shields to show for our season's activities; none the less our teams were far from failures, as a record of their performance shows.

In the Intermediate Intercollegiate Football field Loyola again captured sectional honours despite a very discouraging start. This should have brought us—since it was our turn to draw the bye as set down in the rotary schedule of the C. I. A. U.—immediately into the Dominion Finals with the winner of the Central-Western Sections. Due to a delay in declaring the winner of the Central section, however, it was decided that the Western Champions should travel to meet Loyola, the Eastern Sectional winners, in a sudden-death playdown. The former team turned out to be the Ontario Agricultural College of Guelph, which fielded the most polished Intermediate aggregation ever seen on a Loyola gridiron. Losing to this far superior team by the score of 18-0 was no disgrace, especially since O.A.C. walked through to the Dominion Championship with an overwhelming victory at the expense of Varsity.

Our Senior High School team in the Senior Interscholastic Football league was one of the smoothest squads ever to represent Loyola in that division. In the playdowns D'Arcy McGee and West Hill were successively disposed of; this brought the team into the City Finals with Westmount High, in which sudden-death encounter Loyola came off on the short end of an 11-5 score.

The Intermediate High School team withdrew from their league about the

middle of October and contented themselves with playing exhibition games for the remainder of the season. The reason, a very sound one, was the great disparity in weight allowed by the league among teams of this class.

Although they won no laurels, the Junior High School fielded a fairly representative aggregation under the able coaching of Rev. Father Breslin, S.J. The Bantams were even more successful.

On the whole, High School Football last year seemed to be on the upward trend. The great problem of the past—the problem of proper coaching—was successfully solved. The performance of the Senior squad proves that. Yet even that was not all that it might have been; a strange kink was uncovered in the final with Westmount. There is no doubt in the mind of this writer that the Loyola team was the better of the two, but they did not have quite the perfection of team-work demonstrated by their opponents. However, the improvement shown this year has been truly gratifying; let us hope for even greater success in that line for the future.

The hockey season could hardly be termed a huge success, and this through no fault of the teams. For some very obscure reason—or for no reason at all, very feeble interest is evinced in our national sport. The attendance, especially at the Intermediate College games was really pitiable. Often it seemed that there were more players than spectators present. Small wonder, then, that the L.C.A.A. finds the financing of trips a very difficult matter when even the student body will not support their team in this concrete manner. If the brand of hockey displayed were particularly terrible and unexciting, even then we should feel it our duty to encourage our fellow students who are at least trying. But the hockey is not terrible,—it is good. Yet game after game we see but a few familiar faces, well-scattered, and the situation is rapidly becoming worse.

Loyola entered a promising team in the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey Union, which lost out for sectional honours by its first defeat, at the hands of McGill, after four wins and a tie. The team looked rather weak at the beginning of the season, but came up strongly as their record shows.

In the Junior Q.A.H.A. loop at the Forum, Loyola's entry did not fare so well. However, the team was an improvement on that of last year and the opposition was rather strong, as seen from the record hung up by the Royals, winners of the league.

The Senior High School hockey squad was unable to win any of their league games; a decided improvement was seen later, however, in four post-season exhibition games in which Loyola came through with three wins and a tie.

A Sport Carnival, jointly sponsored by the Alumni Association and the L.C.A.A., was held in the Stadium on October 28th. This was the largest affair of its kind ever held at the College and proved to be quite a drawing card. A less successful raffle was conducted around Christmas time.

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INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL

THE Loyola Campus saw the close of the 1932 football season for Loyola on November 19, when the Loyola entry went down to defeat before the O.A.C. aggregation from Guelph. This game and one other share honours as the highlights of the season. It will long be remembered as the day that Loyola, on the worst field ever seen here, met the strongest and smoothest team in its history. According to many competent observers the Aggies were worthy of Senior rating; to this the Loyola players can abundantly testify. From the first whistle the

visitors dominated the play with a heavy line, a fast backfield and a long series of puzzling plays. The fact that Loyola was able to hold the score down to 18-0 is a tribute to the fighting spirit of the men, who refused to throw up the sponge even against such opponents.

The other highlight of the season was the final game against Bishops on the local campus. The winner was to be declared Sectional Champions, and Bishops fielded the strongest team in years. This writer is not alone in the opinion that Bishops, as a football machine, was superior to our own. Loyola's win in that game was due to sheer fight and the determination to defeat our ancient rivals from Lennoxville at any cost, and says much for the spirit of the team. In consideration of that game alone could the team of 1932 validly claim to have maintained the highest traditions of sportsmanship which have become so well established at Loyola.

A number of candidates were on hand for early practice before the official opening of the College; on September 15 an even greater number presented themselves. We were again fortunate in securing the services of Paul Haynes, who kindly consented to act as coach. Too much credit cannot be given this true sportsman for the success of the team, nor can we of the College show sufficient gratitude for the unselfish manner in which he devoted so much of his time to training the men.

In general the year was a tolerably successful one. After a very bad start, Loyola came through successfully to clinch the Sectional Championship for the seventh time in nine years.

Sept. 24th. C.N.R, (10) at Loyola (0).

As was customary in previous years this pre-season game was arranged to enable the coach and players to discover the weaknesses in the team's play. This year, due to an advance in the date of the schedule's opening, this game caught the team a week earlier in its stride. It could hardly be termed a fair indication of the team's true strength, since there was time only for a ten-minute signal drill before the game. The C.N.R. men showed that a team playing the breaks can win a game, costly fumbles by the Loyola ball-carriers paving the way for the C.N.R. points.

The kicking of Clem Bucher was the outstanding feature of the Loyola squad, while Bond, Gill and Brown starred for the Nationals. Bond scored a touch on a blocked kick while Gill and Bond shared the remaining five points, making the score at the final whistle 10-0 in favor of C.N.R.

Oct. 1st. Loyola (1) at Bishops (8).

For this, the first league game of the season, Loyola travelled to Lennoxville. The team as a whole was an inexperienced lot and this, coupled with a far from restful bus-trip, showed us up badly in the first half through fumbles. In this period Bishops scored eight points to Loyola's one.

A decided improvement was manifested in the second half, in spite of Ray Shaughnessy's forced absence from the field with a sprained ankle. Segatore plunged like a man possessed, carrying the ball for first down time after time. The second half however, in spite of Loyola's frantic efforts, passed scoreless. Final score: Bishops 8; Loyola 1.

Oct. 8th. Westward (7) at Loyola (0).

Before some 300 spectators, Loyola went down to its third consecutive defeat of the season in an exhibition tilt with Westward. From a spectator's point of view the game was one of the best exhibitions of football witnessed on the campus within the last two years, and was particularly thrilling in all departments. The allround leading qualities of Buster McTeague were

especially noticeable, while Buckley, playing his first regular rugby game, was a close second for the day's honours.

Westward's ability to take advantage of the breaks won the game for them. The teams were fairly evenly matched, with Loyola holding a slight edge in ground gaining; but three fumbles on our part, all of which were recovered by Westward, proved disastrous. Westward's points came as the result of a rouge, a touch and a convert.

Oct. 15th. McGill (6) at Loyola (6).

In this game a definite change was noted in the playing of the Loyola squad. The team which held McGill to a 6-all draw was a well-drilled machine and more. The plays were executed with precision; unity and cooperation were evident throughout. Only the spectacular punts of Westman saved the Red and White squad from an otherwise certain defeat.

Ryan, Segatore and Estrada completely overshadowed the McGill buckers, while Buckley certainly had the spectators gasping with his marvellous running catches. One of the highlights of the game was a forward pass from McTeague to Kierans which caused the spectators to rise and cheer.

Nov. 2nd. Loyola (6) at McGill (5).

Minus the services of four linemen, playing on a muddy field but fighting mad, the Loyola squad played to win, and played as one man. Every player on the field gave his utmost, and it would be perhaps unfair to single out any player, unless it be Laurie Shaughnessy who seemed to be everywhere. He it was who, with the help of Charlie Haynes, recovered a fumbled kick and went over for a major score; later he intercepted a McGill pass to place Loyola in position for the deciding point.

Great credit is due to Loyola's kickers, Clem Bucher and John McIlhone, who held their own against the doughty Westman; the latter shared honors with Edson for McGill.

Nov. 12th. Bishops (1) at Loyola (3).

Once again at full strength, the Loyola squad gave a wonderful exhibition of that abstract but none the less real quality: "Fighting Spirit." The game was one of thrills and close calls on both sides. Bishops had the edge, perhaps, in ground gaining, but for drive and spirit Loyola had the upper hand.

Segatore and Fleury were back on the line, the latter having been on the sidelines since the Westward game with a crocked knee. The feature of the game was John McIlhone's place-kick with but three minutes to go. Up to this point Loyola had been trailing by one point. It was that kick which won Loyola the game and the Sectional Title, and the line which backed McIlhone up and enabled him to get the kick away should not be forgotten.

Nov. 19th. O.A.C. (18) at Loyola (0).

This game was one of the rare instances when the phrase "Glorious in defeat" could be applied to a losing team. Loyola lost to O.A.C. by the score of 18-0, but there was never a minute in the game that a Loyola man was not playing his hardest against the greatest odds Loyola had ever encountered. Not even by superlatives could the condition of the playing field be described; behind the touch lines the snow was ankle-deep while the field proper was a lake of slush.

Superlatives likewise fail to describe adequately the exhibition of football put on by the Aggies from Guelph. We doubt if there was ever seen at Loyola a backfield equal to that of O.A.C.; their passing on the end-runs was amazing when one considers the condition of the field and the state of the ball, soggy and covered with ice. Elliott

gave an exhibition of kicking which would receive Senior rating with a dry ball; with an ice-covered ball it was astonishing.

Against such opposition the Loyola Squad certainly proved that it could take as well as give it. The team of 1932 will long be remembered as a fighting outfit.

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SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

HIGH SCHOOL rugby commenced promptly with the opening of classes in the fall. In a very few days could be seen some sixty students, arrayed in football togs, taking physical training under the watchful eye of Major John Long. The boys were later turned over to their respective coaches for much-needed practices.

"Bill" Tigh '32 coached the Senior High School outfit and that he did a very good job of it is evident from the team's record. He ran the boys through signals, tackling, line-plunging, passes and all the necessary rugby tactics as only a good coach can. In this he was ably assisted by Wm. Bulloch who managed the team.

The line-up was as follows: *Quarters:* F. Ryan and L. Bourke; *Halves:* P. Sweeny, J. Castonguay, H. Trihey, J. Barry and W. Brent; *Flying Wings:* E. Tyler and L. Carroll: *Middles:* B. Hammond, T. Dillon, J. Melvin and C. Corkery; *Insides:* J. Shaughnessy, E. Coughlin, D. McNicholl, and V. Polachek; *Snaps:* M. Cronin and J. O'Brien.

Loyola (6) vs. D'Arcy McGee (3)

This game was one such as we read about in sports' novels, even to the suspense of the last few minutes. There was plenty of action in the first three quarters and McGee scored two rouges as a result of R. Clarke's efforts. With five minutes to play Bill Tigh's boys let loose with a dangerous aerial attack. In four plays Loyola moved from their own one-yard line to the opposing touch-line. Sweeney made the successful passes to Trihey, which netted nearly a hundred yards while one short gain was made through the line. Sweeney made the convert. Clarke behind another rouge for D'Arcy McGee, making the count 6-3 in favor of Loyola; a minute later the final whistle blew.

Loyola (15) vs. Westhill (3).

The Senior squad proved that they play in mud as well as on a dry field. Sweeney scored the first touch after the ball had been advanced about ninety yards in a series of plays. About six minutes later Shaughnessy crossed the line, making the score 10-0 in favor of Loyola. Westhill chalked up three rouges, but at no time were they a serious threat to the Maroon squad. With but a few minutes to play, F. Ryan crossed the last stripe for another major counter.

Loyola (16) vs. Lachine (1).

The Seniors displayed some very fine football, the whole team playing as one man. Heavy gains were made and runs from twenty to fifty yards were rather common. Castonguay broke the ice by scoring a touch after four minutes of play. In the second quarter Trihey also scored, following some very spectacular end runs. Towards the end of the third quarter Radcliffe, who had been doing some excellent kicking, scored a rouge for Lachine. In the last quarter Ryan scored a touch which was converted by Sweeney. Soon after, the latter wrenched his knee and was forced to retire from the game. Shaughnessy and Hammond were outstanding on the line.

Loyola (11) vs. Catholic High (0.).

All the scoring in this regular fixture of the Interscholastic League was done in the second quarter. Trihey started it



INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL TEAM

Back: P. Hinphy, R. Parker, C. Haynes, W. McTeague, H. Estrada, J. McDonnell, E. Kierans, J. McIlhone, J. Savor, R. Shaughnessy, C. Beauvais, E. Walters, F. St. Cyr, L. Carroll, *Manager*, R. Ryan.

Front Row: G. Aubut, J. Buckley, L. McKenna, L. Shaughnessy, F. Kane, M. Kelly, F. Fleury, W. Daly, M. Brabant, C. Bucher, J. Buckley, Mr. Paul Haynes, *Coach*, G. McGinnis.



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Standing: Mr. W. Tigh, *Coach*, W. Bullock, *Assistant Manager*, J. Shaughnessy, E. Coughlin, J. Bourke, M. Cronin, B. Hammond, J. O'Brien, P. Sweeney, F. Ryan, G. Kiely, L. Burke, J. Barry, T. Dillon, D. Mahoney, Rev. R. McElligott, S.J., D. McNicholl, *Manager*.
Seated: C. Corkery. P. Reid, W. Brent, J. Castonguay, *Captain*, G. Stambach, E. Tyler, L. Carroll, P. Dussault.


G. Mahoney, Mgr.
C. Kane
J. O'Brien
E. Tyler
Rev. F. Breslin, S.J.
coach
LOYOLA
Q·A·H·A·
MIDGETS
SEMI-FINALISTS-1933
J. Porteous
D. Reynolds
P. Dagnall
J. Savor
A. Burns
F. McCourt
G. Marriott
D. Mahoney
X. Roche

off by plunging across for five points. Sweeney repeated this performance and converted to make the score 11-0 in favor of Loyola. During the second half Catholic High seriously threatened the maroon squad, but without results. Sweeney, Trihey, Castonguay and Bourke starred for Loyola.

Loyola (1) vs. D'Arcy McGee (11).

The team went down to their first defeat of the season before the strong McGee outfit. The crowd, the largest of the season, numbered about eleven hundred. McGee drew first blood when they scored a touchdown shortly after the kickoff. Sweeney then kicked a rouge of fifty-five yards for Loyola's only counter. A few minutes later Murphy dribbled the ball down to Loyola's 5-yard line, and Hamilton carried it across. The convert was made by Clarke.

In the second half Loyola pressed their opponents strongly. Their aerial attack was broken up, so that they were forced to depend on line plunges and end runs. Despite the hard playing, however, no further score was registered

Loyola (11) vs. Westhill (8).

Some very fine football was displayed by the Seniors on the Westhill grounds. In the first session Westhill scored a rouge, which was followed closely by a spectacular touch for Loyola. Sweeney tossed a beautiful forty-yard pass to Castonguay, who covered the remaining forty yards to the goal line in fine style. Sweeney made the convert. A few minutes later Westman scored a touch for Westhill on a fumbled ball behind the line. Sweeney scored again in the third quarter on a plunge. Westman scored two more rouges to bring Westhill's total up to 8.

Loyola (11) vs. Catholic High (0).

By this victory over Catholic High, Loyola won the Western Interscholastic title. Sweeney was the star of the day when he crossed the line twice, once in the first quarter and again in the third quarter. Larry Bourke chalked up the remaining point by kicking a rouge. It would be both an impossibility and an injustice to single out any one for particular attention, for every man played his position and played it well.

Loyola (5) vs. Westmount (11).

One of the smoothest Senior teams ever seen at Loyola bowed before Westmount in the City Finals. It was one of the strangest games ever seen by your writer. Although Loyola showed marked superiority to their opponents in nearly every department, they seemed unable to get anywhere. After moving up the whole length of the field, Loyola would lose the ball. Sweeney played his usual stellar game, and teamed up with Bourke to make some long gains. Hammond, Ryan and Shaughnessy seemed to go through the line almost at will, while Dussault, Reid and Fahey tackled everything that came their way. But all this was of no avail. The greatest threat of Westmount was Ross, who was responsible for nearly all their points.

All in all, Bill Tigh had a team during the season that he could be proud of, and one that Loyola should remember for many a day.

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INTERMEDIATE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

FRANK SHAUGHNESSY Jr., '32 and Ed. Sheridan '32 put theirheads together and did wonders with the light Intermediate team. After a few games they dropped from the league for reasons mentioned before, and contented themselves with whatever exhibition games that came their way.

The line-up follows: *Quarter:* J. Rinahan; *Flying Wings:* G. Stamback and L.

McKeown; *Halves:* E. Warren, A. Cody, W. Brent, J. Barry and E. Bronstetter; *Snap:* J. O'Brien; *Insides:* W. Clifford, J. Melvin and D. McNicholl; *Middles:* R. Boileau, V. Polachek and A. McDougall; *Outsides:* N. Thomas, R. Thomas and B. Murphy.

During the scheduled games the team fought well but were hopelessly outclassed and outweighed. They then turned to exhibition games with teams of their own calibre.

In these games we saw plenty of good material for next year's Senior squad. McKeown, Warren and Brent did very well in the backfield. McNicholl, Clifford and Polachek bolstered up the line, while Murphy, R. and N. Thomas truthfully claim that they can tackle anything.

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JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

THE Junior team was well coached by Father Breslin S.J., who taught the boys all the tricks of the game and prepared them for future years. They were rather unfortunate in their league games, but they show excellent promise.

The line-up was: *Quarter:* D. Mahoney; *Flying Wing:* G. Gilbert; *Halves:* J. McCormick, G. Marriott, J. Shea and W. Hibbits; *Snap:* F. Long; *Insides:* A. McNaughton and W. Dumas; *Middles:* D. Graves and J. Savor; *Outsides:* W. Kappel and Shehan.

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BANTAM FOOTBALL

THE Bantams were more successful in their league, winning as they did three out of the four scheduled games. They were ably coached by Clarence Hinphy '36, who did his best to teach them the rudiments of the game.

The line-up was as follows: *Quarter:* J. Wadey; *Flying Wing:* E. Asselin; *Halves:* A. McDougall, W. Hibbits and McGuire; *Snap:* M. Relihan; *Insides:* D. McNeil and P. Limoges; *Middles:* C. Gray and J. Porteous; *Outsides:* M. Hickey and C. Sutton.

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INTERMEDIATE INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

Loyola (1) at McGill (1).

The first game of this league took place at the Forum against McGill. Although the game ended in a 1-1 draw, Loyola's showing proved that she had the makings of a strong, well-balanced team. Play opened strongly, both teams trying hard to put across the first goal. Griffith opened the scoring for McGill, skating clear around the defence and going in fast to beat Keyes.

In the second period Loyola lost no time in going out for the equallizing goal. Art Thomas provided the necessary drive. Weaving through the McGill forwards, he drew the defence over and slipped a neat pass over to Ray Shaughnessy who drove the puck into the corner of the net. The third period went scoreless, as did an overtime period.

Keyes, Shaughnessy and Daly turned in good performances for Loyola, while Calder, Griffith and Broome were outstanding for the Red team.

Jan. 28th. Loyola (2) at Bishops (1).

As the score indicates, this game was close and fast. Lack of substitutes and insufficient training almost tolled Loyola's defeat, but the sheer determination of the College team brought them out on the winning end of a 2-1 score. Loyola's back-checking and offensive tactics showed up well on the fast ice at Lennoxville.

Titcombe tallied Bishop's only goal early in the second period. Shortly afterwards MacDonnell flicked the puck in the Bishops' net to tie the score.

And before the period ended Art Thomas had netted Loyola's winning goal.

Titcombe and Glass were the scoring threats for Bishops; Keyes, Thomas, MacDonnell and Buckley displayed a brand of hockey that earned the plaudits of the spectators time and time again.

Feb. 4th. U. of M. (2) at Loyola (4).

Loyola started slowly but came through brilliantly at the end to defeat the strong University of Montreal team. The latter started the scoring early, having an apparently commanding lead at the beginning of the second period. Their two goals came as the result of the efforts of the Gouin-Demers and Pothier-Riccard combinations.

In the second period McIlhone and Tracey scored for Loyola, both on passes from Buckley. The U. of M. outfit then resorted to defensive tactics, but this proved their undoing. In the third period both teams lost a number of scoring chances; but Shaughnessy finally breezed through with the deciding goal near the end of the session. He followed it up a minute later with another, on a pass from Parker, to clinch the lead and the game.

Feb. 11th. Bishops (1) at Loyola (4).

By defeating their ancient rivals, Loyola went into sole possession of first place in the Intermediate Intercollegiate loop. Reversing their usual tactics, the Loyola men went on the offensive right from the first whistle. Their strong rushes were soon capped by a fine goal from the stick of MacDonnell. Daly scored soon after on a rather lucky shot from centre-ice, which the Bishops goalie helped into the nets.

In the second period Bucher skated alone through the opposing team and scored on his own. Glass then put Bishops back in the scoring column on a long shot from the wing. Bishops threatened throughout the final period, but were unable to score. MacDonnell, however, chalked up another one for Loyola on a pass from Fitzgibbon.

Feb. 18th. Loyola (3) at U. of M. (2).

In the Mount Royal Arena, Loyola eked out a win over the same team which it had defeated decisively just one week before. The team was not up to the form displayed in other games, while their opponents took full advantage of the breaks that came their way.

Loyola opened the scoring in the first period with a goal by Buckley on a pass from Shaughnessy. In the second period U. of M. tied the score, and a little later drove home what appeared to be the winning goal. However, in the final session the team made a determined attack which resulted in a goal by Buckley. And just before the final whistle blew Shaughnessy and MacDonnell combined to score the winning goal of the game. In this way was a seemingly sure defeat turned into a victory.

Feb. 25th. McGill (3) at Loyola (1).

Loyola's hopes for a title shattered by the strong McGill team in this, the last scheduled game of the league. The game was one of the best played on the Stadium ice this year, and it was only in the dying moments of the final period that the issue was determined. McGill held a one-goal lead until the final period. At the beginning of the final period Loyola tied the score and it looked as if overtime would be necessary to decide the winner. But McGill made a last minute drive which swept Loyola completely off their feet, and ran in two goals in rapid succession. This win gave to McGill the Eastern Intermediate Intercollegiate title and the right to enter into the Dominion playdowns.

JUNIOR Q.A.H.A. HOCKEY

Loyola (0) vs. Royals (6).

Two days after the close of the football season, Loyola Juniors opened the 1932-1933 hockey season with a rather decisive defeat at the hands of Royals. Barsalou's outstanding work in the nets was the only thing that kept the score down as low as it was. The Loyola team crumpled under the strong Royals in the third period.

Loyola (1) vs. McGill (2).

McGill iced a fairly strong team and, as usual, the two College teams turned in a rather see-saw exhibition of hockey. Dubee, the Loyola captain, led rush after rush into McGill territory and was successful in scoring the Loyola goal unassisted. Morse and McLennon were outstanding for McGill, with McLennon getting both goals.

Loyola (2) vs. Victorias (0).

Loyola broke into the winning column against Victorias, their traditional rivals. Poor goal-tending for Victorias and good goal-tending for Loyola were deciding factors in the Loyola victory. McIlhone played a very strong back-checking game, but was not very effective around the nets. As usual the bounding Dubee played an important part in the game and scored both goals; Shaughnessy and MacDonnell made the assists. Talpin and Neville were outstanding for the Vics.

Loyola (4) vs. St. Francois-Xavier (4).

One of the biggest upsets in Junior Hockey was Loyola tieing the strong St. Francois outfit. The rugged tactics of Loyola's ex-football players, sterling work by Barsalou, and excellent rushes by Aubut and Fitzgibbon stopped the Flying Frenchmen. Dubee, Aubut and Tracey were the scorers for Loyola. For St. Francois, the skating of Archambault, the stickhandling of Watson and the shooting of Cormier were the real weapons of offense.

Loyola (2) vs. Royals (9).

The name Royals spelled the word 'DEFEAT' in capital letters for the Loyola team of this year. It was the same old tale of having to play a defensive game against faster skaters, and not being able to body-check them hard enough to take the speed out of them. The boys held well enough until the last half of the third period. Then the rout began with Carrie scoring four goals in quick succession and Mundey scoring another before the bell. Martin scored two; Donnelly and Bissell chalked one apiece. Aubut and Fitzgibbon scored for Loyola, while MacDonnell and Dubee played a representative game on the defense.

Loyola (2) vs. McGill (3).

A very fast game with both teams hitting the peak of their form. McLennon and Woo were going at top speed for McGill, while Shaughnessy, Thomas and Fitzgibbon did some very effective work for Loyola. Gerry Aubut developed a real scoring punch and scored both goals for Loyola. Two bad lapses on the part of Barsalou in the nets gave the victory to McGill.

Loyola (4) vs. Victorias (3).

With most of the team just returned from Lake Placid, it was a tired but willing outfit that took the ice against the Vics, who were fighting for their first victory . Each team took the lead twice in the game with Loyola getting the final break. The game was not productive of any real hockey. The Loyola scorers were McIlhone, Aubut,

Shaughnessy and Thomas; Barsalou played another top-notch game in the nets.

Loyola (1) vs. St. Francois Xavier (2).

Two quick goals in the dying moments of the game gave the victory to the fleet St. Francois team. The game was wide open and both goalers were called upon to make save after save. Tracey and Parker played well, while Aubut scored the Loyola point. The real features of the game were the back-checking of McIlhone and the goal-tending of Barsalou. But all their good work went for nought when Cormier scored on two tricky shots near the end of the game.

Loyola (2) vs. Royals (11).

At this point we are almost forced to admit that this Royals outfit has a slight edge on our boys. However, we take comfort in the knowledge that the Royals were an exceptional team for that loop this year, as a glance at their record for the remainder of the season shows. Three juveniles, Brabant, Carroll and Kane, were moved up for the game and played very well. However, they were no match for the Royals. The Loyola defense gave a good account of themselves for the first two periods, but weakened in the third when seven counters were made. Barsalou's play in the nets was really marvelous; Aubut scored the two Loyola goals.

Loyola (2) vs. Victorias (4).

This, the last game on the schedule, was a rather ragged affair. Both teams were definitely out of the running, so that the outcome of the game was of no practical import. As the score indicates, Victorias had a slight edge on the Loyola outfit.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

THE Senior High School iced a young, inexperienced team which —though it was unable to win any league games—gave every opponent a run for their money. Manager Tom Dillon had but one player from last year's team, Rolland the goaler. In spite of the handicap he turned out a team that will be a real threat for city honors next year, since practically every player has another season to play.

In the League the Loyola sextette lost to Catholic High, D'Arcy McGee, and held Montreal Tech to a hard fought tie. Loyola played well defensively but lacked the necessary scoring punch and finish around the nets.

Loyola played four exhibition games near the end of the season, winning three and tieing one. This showed clearly that the team was capable of playing real hockey. They tied the champion D'Arcy McGee outfit at the Ice Carnival, and then went out to defeat Notre-Dame College in a wide open, see-saw battle. The High School ended the season in a blaze of glory by defeating Bishops' College School in one of the best games seen at the Stadium this year.

Albert Rolland turned in some sensational work in the Loyola nets. The defense, consisting of Jack Shaughnessy, Dussault and Clifford lacked only experience. Charlie Pare uncovered a devastating poke check at centre; he was flanked by speedy Frank Ryan and hard-shooting Leo Carroll, the three forming a line which compared favourably with the best in the league. Holland, Hickey, Cody and Tyler improved rapidly as the season advanced.

The players are greatly indebted to Bill Daly and to Mr. MacElligott, S.J., for their cooperation and coaching during the latter part of the season; this made itself evident in the team's decided improvement towards the end.

FRANK J. FLEURY.

Book Reviews

"Broome Stages"

by Clemence Dane.

Written somewhat on the lines of the Forsyte Saga, we think, in spite of the fact that it sounds like "lèse majesté" against the great Galsworthy, that in many respects, Miss Dane's novel surpasses the Saga. The characters stand out in clearer relief, and if anything are more alive, more natural, than any of the Forsytes, from Old Timothy to Young Jolyon.

The story deals with six generations of Broomes, a family whose history is that of the English legitimate stage. One by one they pass before the footlights, first Richard Broome, a nameless waif, whose name was derived from his broom-making. The family tradition of artistic acting is begun when Richard tumbles head first from a hay loft into a rehearsing group of strolling players.

In presenting all members of the line, men and women, Miss Dane reveals herself a master in literary chiaroscurro. Each character is clear cut and well defined. The reader knows the Broomes as well as the populace of London, who crammed the pits and galleries of the Broome theatres to greet their demigod with the old cry of "Buy a broom".

Charm characterizes the Broome men. They charm their way to power and wealth and into the reader's heart. Yet, withal, they are very human. Their vices are also depicted, though indeed, the latter seem to be merely virtues carried to excess.

Miss Dane is much happier in her female personalities that is Galsworthy in his. Lettice and Domina Broome far surpass Fleur Forsyte in power and genius, while Marjorie and Elinor are her superiors in womanly grace and dignity.

Interest and pleasure are sustained throughout the seven hundred pages by skilful use of conversation, philosophical retreats, description, and powerful, passionate scenes between father and son of successive generations of Broomes Always the reader dreads, yet hopes for these family conflicts, between Richard and Robert, Robert and William, William and Harry, Harry and Domina, Domina and Stephen, and so on down to the last and surpassing struggle between Richard the present day Broome, and his father Edmund. But the story cannot be told here.

Miss Dane has created a group of people intensely vital; she does not merely tell us a story, she transports us into the lives and minds, and emotions of the greatest actors on the English stage, the Broomes.

* * *

"Boomerang"

by Helen Simpson

Beginning in 1789, and closing with the World War, Miss Simpson's novel is a very long story of several generations of a French family, which eventually settled in Australia. Auguste de Mortemar, the ne'er-do-well of an important family, was sent away from France in the days before the revolution and made Governor of Curazon, a small island inhabited principally by blacks. During the troubled times which followed when France was in the throes of internal revolutionary strife, he became King of Curazon and was crowned with an odd mixture of ceremonies, the witch-doctors and the Christian clergy both taking part. The ultimate struggle between these two factions and their followers is cleverly and vividly brought to a climax by the authoress.

After the story of Auguste and incidents enough to fill a couple of ordinary volumes, we come to the story of Clotilde Boissy, his great granddaughter. In the meantime the family has moved to Australia, and Clotilde, the last of the long line tells her story in her own words. The entire genealogical account seems to have been a preparation for the story of Clotilde. Taken in itself it is a tale of sufficient drama to hold interest, but the extensive preparation for this character brings the details of her story into clearer relief and gives it an added significance.

Throughout the story of Clotilde we are given glimpses of Australia with its political, religious and social problems much in the fore. While there is no particular point to the novel, there are many interesting bits of character portrayal. Gustave, the only son of Auguste, is an interesting and likeable character who immediately captures the fancy and provides action aplenty. "Boomerang" just falls short of being an exceptionally noteworthy novel.

* * *

"Shadows on the Rock"

by Willa Cather

Here is a novel, which for beauty of thought and language, and for portrayal has not been surpassed in the last decade.

The story is without continuous plot; in our estimation it is a series of pictures which show convincingly that Miss Cather has caught the spirit of old "Kebec" more thoroughly than Curwood in his "The Plains of Abraham", or Sir Gilbert Parker in "The Power and the Glory."

Miss Cather has not chosen as her point of vantage the Palace of the Intendant, the Cathedral of the Bishop, the post of the great trader, or the cabane of the coureur-de-bois. The look-out is the little shop of the governor's apothecary, Euclide Auclair. On the crest of the heights, on the level of the palaces of the Governor and the Intendant, yet overlooking "la basse ville", in his quiet, scholarly, philosophical way, Auclair views all, the political and religious intrigues, and the simple life of the colonists.

It is long since we remember such fresh, innocent, and lovable children as Cecile Auclair, and the little waif Jacques. Unconsciously they view scenes, which are now history, and unconsciously too, we also see with them. They know well in their unaffected childlike way those who now have as their monument the ancient capital, and through them, we too come to know the Governor, grim, kindly old Frontenac, and the Bishops Laval and St. Valier.

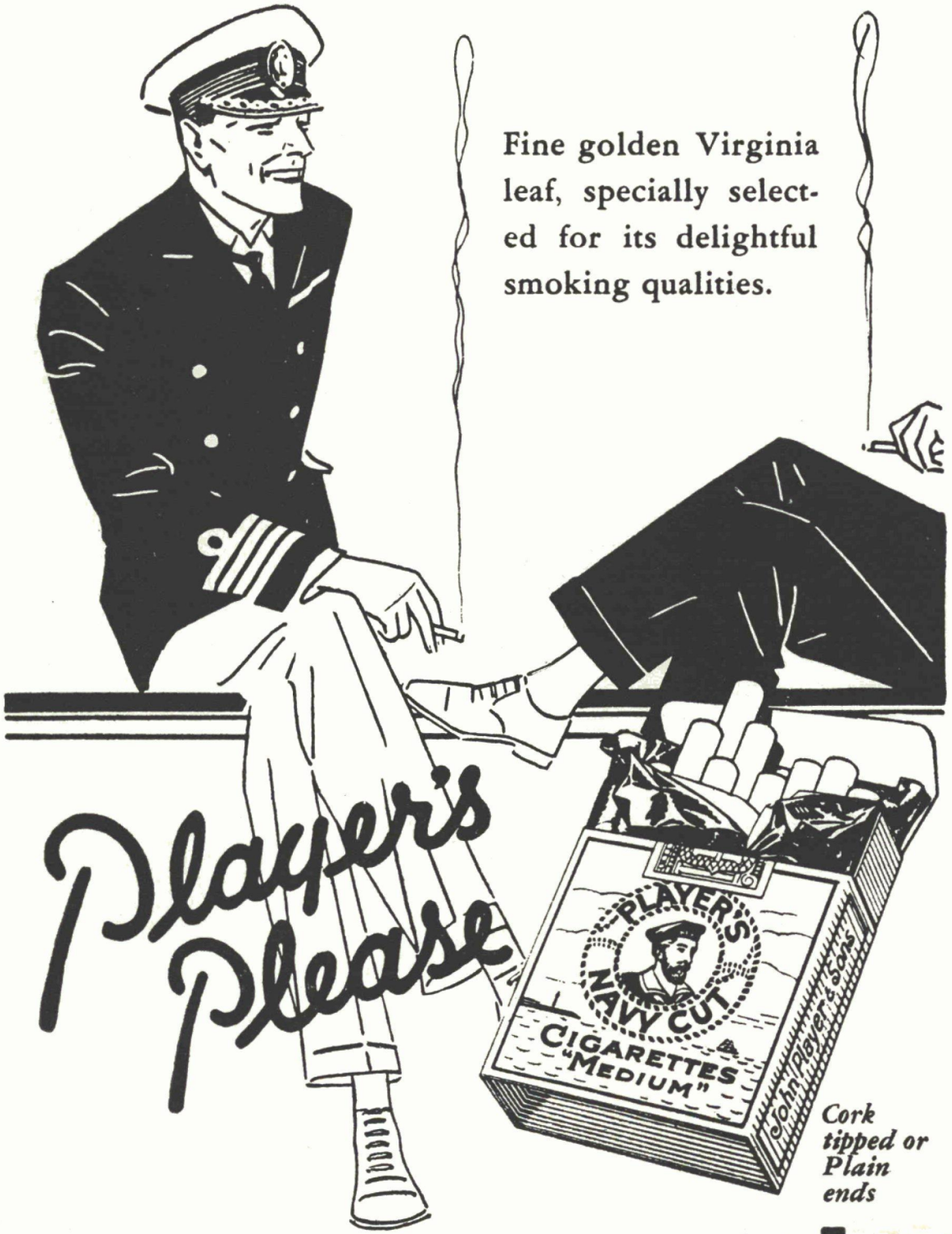
Shadows on the Rock contains a beautiful portrayal of the "character" of Kebec, Bishop Laval, so proud, yet so humble and rigorous in his acts of mortification,—his every act of self-abasement seeming but to ennoble him, to make him a grander, stronger, more admirable figure. The scene in which the Bishop finds the little Jacques half-clothed and half-frozen, brings him to his rooms, bathes, and feeds, and cares for the child himself, reminded us irresistibly of the washing of the feet before the last supper. It is a triumph of emotional simplicity.

And the Governor Frontenac, who told Phipps he would answer him only from the mouth of his cannon, is the same as he who gravely and touchingly presents Cecile with a basket of glass fruit,—Frontenac, the veteran of a hundred battles who can still delight in a child's ingenuous pleasure. And St. Valier, haughty and overweening, who returns humble and Christian after feeling the chastening rod of the Lord in the English prisons. All these come and go, delightfully mingled with such mundane characters as the cobbler, the baker, the apothecary, or the torturer from old France.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Field Day Results

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height, Distance	Record	
OPEN TO COLLEGE						
100 yards	L. Shaughnessy	G. McGinnis	J. Castonguay	10-4/5 sec	10 sec	L.Shaughnessy, 1931
220 yards	L. Shaughnessy	J. Castonguay	M. Dubee	24-2/5 sec	23 sec	J. Gallery, 1915
440 yards	L. Shaughnessy	J. Castonguay	J. McIlhone	57 sec	53-1/5 sec	G. Sampson, 1931
880 yards	J. McIlhone	R. McIlhone	W. Singleton	2 min. 11-1/5 sec.	2 min. 10 sec.	G. Sampson, 1928
One Mile	J. McIlhone	R. McIlhone		5 min. 7-1/5 sec.	5 min	G. Sampson, 1931
120 yards hurdles	G. McGinnis	L. Shaughnessy		16-2/5 sec	14-2/5 sec	W. Montabone, 1924
High Jump	E. Way	G. McGinnis	J. Castonguay	5 ft. 3 in	5 ft., 7 in	J. McGarry, 1920 H. LeMesurier, 1926
Broad Jump	G. McGinnis	H. Tougas		18 ft. 11 in	20 ft., 11 in	J. Gallery, 1915
Pole Vault	J. Bourke	J. Demitre	R. Ryan	9 ft. 7 in	New Record	
Shot Put	W. Daly	M. Recarey	J. Demitre	33 ft. 2 in	42 ft., 4 in	E. Savard, 1927
Discus Throw	No Event				101 ft., 6 in	C. Bucher, 1931
Javelin Throw	J. Bourke	M. Recarey	W. Daly	127 ft. 8 in	New Record	
UNDER 18 YEARS						
100 yards	H. Estrada	W. Mackey	J. Castonguay	10-4/5 sec	10-1/5 sec	G. Ryan, 1931
220 yards	H. Estrada	W. Mackey		25-3/5 sec	24-1/5 sec	G. Ryan, 1931
440 yards	W. Mackey	M. Recarey	H. Estrada	61-3/5 sec	60 sec	G. McGinnis, 1929
880 yards	No Event				2 min., 14 sec.	G. Sampson, 1927
High Jump	E. Stafford	J. Bourke	F. Kane	5 ft. 2 in	New Event	
UNDER 16 YEARS						
100 yards	C. Kane	E. Tyler	P. Gilmore	11-4/5 sec	11 sec	B. Brown, 1915 A. Wendling, 1917
220 yards	C. Kane	N. Wilson		27-1/5 sec	24-4/5 sec	E. Cannon, 1922
440 yards	C. Kane	N. Wilson	J. Barry	64 sec	63 sec	M. Recarey, 1931
100 yards hurdles	N. Wilson	C. Kane		15-4/5 sec	14 sec	Q.Shaughnessy, 1925
High Jump	No Event				5 ft. 2½ in	E. Stafford, 1931
Broad Jump	P. Gilmore	N. Wilson	E. Estrada	16 ft. 6 in	18 ft. 6½ in	A. Wendling, 1917
Pole Vault	No Event				9 ft. 6 in	J. Bourke, 1931
Shot Put	L. Carroll	E. Estrada	C. Kane	32 ft. 10 in	40 ft. 3 in	J. Recarey, 1931
UNDER 14 YEARS						
75 yards	W. Hibbits	G. Mariott	F. Long	9-4/5 sec	9-1/5 sec	R. Clarke, 1929
220 yards	W. Hibbits	G. Mariott		30-2/5 sec	27-2/5 sec	B. O'Brien, 1929 C. Kane, 1931
80 yards hurdles	W. Hibbits	G. Mariott		14-3/5 sec	13-1/5 sec	J. Brennan, 1929

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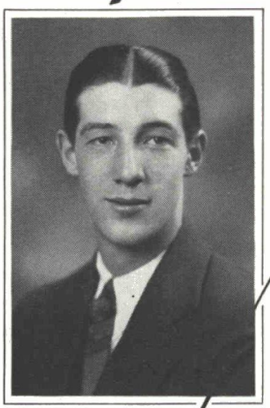


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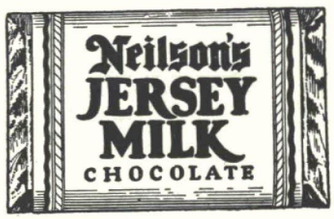
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